The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

If it is Furst it will not be Love-ly.

Blaine's letter of acceptance could not be telegraphed, the wires were not long enough.

The independent Republicans of Philadelphia organized last week, and resolved to work for the defeat of Blaine.

Blaine's letter will make 100,000 votes for the Republicans, says the Bellefonte *Republican*. How is that possible, they won't get half through reading it by next Christmas?

Candidates, if elected, must keep mighty straight in electioneering, before and after nomination, if they wish to keep clear of perjury. The oath is an iron-clad one. How many are trying to keep within bounds?

We have received the first number of *The Post*, published at Philadelphia, by W. U. Hensel, Esq. It is a seven column, 4-page sheet, brim full of good Democratic reading. Price for the campaign, 30 cents.

The Blaine papers are boasting of Irish going over to their chieftain. Perhaps they didn't read Mulligan's know-nothing record. However, upon investigation it appears that the Irish that are for Blaine are the dynamiters, and there is no telling when they will bust him up. The decent Irish, we are pleased to say, all go for Cleveland.

President Arthur has gone afishing and Blaine to writing for his book. Arthur won't send Blaine a mess of fish and Blaine won't have a very long chapter in his book about Chet—so the two will be even, and when Arthur leaves the presidential chair Cleveland will take it and he will be one ahead of the Maine historian to the delight of Arthur.

France and China are to have a row, in which many pig-tails will be spoiled by coming in contact with French politeness. A dispatch from Foo Chow to Reuter's Telegraph Company assert that the general impression in that city is that war between France and China is inevitable. Both natives and foreigners are leaving the city. Marines landed from the British corvette Champion, assisted by the gunboat Merlin, are guarding the foreign settlement.

The crop reports from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky are that the wheat is the best in quantity and quality gathered in years. Corn has suffered from drought, but the recent rains have rescued it and the yield will be an average one. Oats are a good crop. Tobacco has suffered more from drought than anything else, and in some localities is a failure, the rains being too late. In other places the plant is in excellent condition. The yield will be below the average.

The law forbids candidates to spend money to obtain support for nomination or to make any promise of reward for the same purpose. Every officer elected must, on taking the oath of office, swear that he has not done so. This includes "so-called" trading, or promises of office for the future. By the Democratic rules of Centre county this is also forbidden. Fair play is the best play, and that is what the law and our rules are intended to secure. If the law also embraced a penalty for petty lying it would be an improvement.

Electricity has just made another step in advance in this country. The experiment of its introduction in a street railway at Cleveland proves so successful that the owners of the line will operate their entire system, twenty miles long, doing away with their horses. This machine is superior to others of European make, in that as many as fifteen cars can be run from one machine. It is scarcely possible to estimate the full value of the invention. In time it must revolutionize the street railways in all large cities and the hard-worked horses must go back to the plow and milk-wagon. It is only a question of time. And, indeed, the time is coming when electricity will not only be used on street railways, but on regular passenger trains. Make not eof it.

MONOPOLY AND LABOR.

Speaking of Governor Curtin's recent speech, the Philadelphia *Times* says:

The speech recently delivered in the House by ex-Governor Curtin, on the steady growth of land monopoly in this country, and its blighting effects upon the prosperity of labor, must attract very general and profound attention. It is not a campaign document freighted with clap-trap to appeal to partisan or other prejudices, but it is an eloquent review of the withering effect of land monopoly in other governments, and an impressive appeal to this country for the preservation of our public lands for the homes of actual settlers.

It will startle many even of the more intelligent voters of the country to learn that in France with a population of 37 millions, there are 10 millions of property-owners, in other words 10 millions of homes, and that in the United States, with its 55 millions of population, there are less than 4½ millions of property-owners. Another equally startling fact brought out by the ex-Governor is the close relation the corporate investments of this country bear to the whole taxable property of the Union. There are $7,000,000,000 invested in railroads alone, and the whole taxable property of the country is only $17,000,000,000. These are grave statements for intelligent citizens of every political faith to consider, and it is not wonderful that, with such a steady and rapid drift to land monopoly and concentrated corporate wealth, there is deep and wide-spread concern among the productive classes of the land.

The extracts we give from Curtin's incisive and exhaustixe review of the issue of land monopoly and homes for the people, will increase the already general interest felt in the question. They must crystalize public sentiment strongly against the tendency of the last decade that has moved on in stealthy tread, until we find an immense public domain monopolized by corporations and largely by alien investors to the exclusion of actual settlers. This issue goes to the very safety as well as to the prosperity of the Republic. It is in the homes of the land that the safety of free government rests; and when land-monopoly and imported contract labor come in powerful alliance to hinder and paralyze the industry that makes the homes and creates the wealth of the nation, it is time for all to take pause and halt the evil day before it dawns upon the best and happiest people of the earth.

The depression that has been existing in the Centre and Clearfield coal and lumber region, off and on for the past few years, is all in spite of republican tariff legislation and in spite of Republican promises to better the condition of the workingmen and secure for them wages that will decently clothe and feed their families. This unfortunate state of affairs has existed all over the country, and while the working classes have been getting poorer the rich have been getting richer under the fostering care of the high tariff party.

The Washington *Star* has some thoughts upon this subject which are as follows:

"This morning's despatches contain announcements of reductions of wages amounting to 20 per cent. in Pennsylvania steel works and 10 per cent. in Rhode Island worsted mills. Nearly every day like reductions are announced. This is very unfavorable for the Republican party, and not so much because of the connection between the facts and the party policy as because the Republicans are the "ins" and the Democrats the "outs." Discharges and reductions beget discontent and the political victim of discontent is always the party in power. The Republican party will have trouble holding the workingmen with its explations and promises of what the tariff has done and will do for the workingmen who are out of employment or on reduced pay. The majority of men care little for political economy or commercial laws, but they will work hard to perpetuate a state of affairs under which they are doing well, and they will not take the trouble even to vote for the preservation of the *status quo* if that status is unsatisfactory."

The Williamsport *Sun and Banner* wants Blaine to please tell to workingmen how much of that 200 per cent. increased prosperity will be given to the laboring men that are being cut down 10 and 20 per cent.

The Wilkesbarre *Ledger* sees that the daily record of business failures, of reduction of wages and of the shutting down of large industrial operations is a better indication than Blaine's letter of what republican rule has brought us to.

In England they are hanging dynamiters—in this country they are being hugged and kissed by the Blaineites just now. There is no accounting for tastes.

THE LOST EMPIRE.

The Democratic House Passes Bills For the Restoration of the Lands to the Public Domain and the Republican Senate Defeats Them.

The restoration of land granted to railroad corporations forfeited by the non-compliance with the terms of the grant by the corporations, was a very prominent feature of the democratic policy in the national house of representatives at the late session. The number of acres so forfeited for the restoration of the public domain bills were passed by the house is 74,000,000, an area greater than the combined territory of the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. All but one of these billls failed passage in the Senate. A writer in the Chicago *Herald* gives the following important information on the subject of these measures:

The bills passed the house were the following, with the following number of acres restored to the public domain:

Texas Pacific, 24,000,000, passed January 21.

Gulf and Ship Island, 2,000,000 acres, passed January 31.

Oregon Central, 1,500,000 acres, passed June 4.

California and Oregon, 3,000,000 acres, passed June 5.

Atlantic and Pacific, 40,000,000 acres, passed June 7.

Oregon and California, 3,500,000 acres, passed June 10.

Here were six corporations divested of their forfeited grants so far as the house could do it. While the republican party in convention, composed in part of republican senators, was declaring in favor of restoring these lands to the government, the house was passing acts to accomplish that purpose. That congress failed to complete the work is due to the failure of the republican senate to take up the bills and pass them also. It was not mere neglect; it was not failure for want of time; the whole country is familiar with the influence that thwarted this legislation. And as the campaign advances the hollowness of the declaration contained in the platform will perhaps be made plainer.

By far the most important of the bills referred to above was that forfeiting the Texas Pacific grant of 24,000,000 acres. That was a grant which had been strenuously fought for with the aid of a powerfully organized lobby by the Southern Pacific railway, of California. For many months that corporation, with C. P. Huntington at its head, had besieged the executive department to conform to it the Texas Pacific grant. It claimed to have acquired from the Texas Pacific all its franchises, rights, grants and holdings west of the Rio Grande river, and having built its road on the line of the Texas Pacific survey, claimed that it had rights which the government could not ignore. But the commissioner of the land office, the attorney-general and the president all decided to confirm the grant to the Southern Pacific, but referred the whole subject to congress. The house took it up; a bill to declare forfeit of the grant was introduced and referred to the committee on public lands; the latter investigated the grant and the Southern Pacific's claim to it, and also the methods by which Huntington and his associates had sought to influence former congresses. The result was a scathing report recommending the forfeiture, and so great was the indignation at the exposure of Huntington's methods that the forfeiture bill got but one negative vote, that of Mr. Barr, of Penn'a. When it was seen that the bill was certain to go through the house the Huntington lobby suddenly ceased its efforts on that body and transferred its operations to the senate. Mr. Huntington said, when the bill passed the house, that "he would kill it in the senate," and the result shows that he knew and did not overrate his power. The bill went from the house to the senate early in February, was referred to the committee on public lands and was never afterwards heard of. It is not kown if it was considered. It was never reported to the senate. That body had five months in which to consider and act on that bill—a bill which had the sympathy of the whole country and went through the popular branch of congress by a practically unanimous vote, and it did not do it. Why? Because the Huntington lobby was strong enough to prevent action. Huntington's friends boasted they would smother the bill in the senate and they did it.

Precisely the same influences operated to prevent action on the Oregon and California grants. Mr. Huntington made an appearance in person to oppose these bills before the senate committee on public lands, and either his or other influence was strong enough to smother them. Neither got out of the committee. The republican majority in the senate had six weeks after the declaration above quoted was put into its party platform at Chicago to call up these bills and pass them, but the corporation influence controling that body was stronger than any party platform, and all these bills failed of passage. The only bill passed by the senate to forfeit a land grant was the house bill forfeiting the ungained grant of the Atlantic and Pacific. This was passed July 3. The present owners of the Atlantic and Pacific franchise recognized that the grant was forfeited and made no opposition. There was no lobby at work to prevent it, and so the senate could take the bill up and rush it through with a great show of virtuous intention. But every bill that had a lobby, corporation agents and attorneys opposed to it, was permitted to slumber in committee.

HONORS PAID TO THE ARTIC SURVIVORS.

Portsmouth, N. H., August 4.—Never before in the history of Portsmouth has there been so grand and imposing an event as the celebration of the return of Lieut. Greely and the survivors of his expedition, which, under the auspices of the municipal government of Portsmouth took place to day. If thousands of people, numerous bands of music and boundless enthusiasm could make a celebration a success, this was successful.

A FIRE AT GETTYSBURG.

Camp Gettysburg, August 3.—A fire occurred this morning in the camp of the First Brigade, destroying the hay and straw intended for their use. The loss, which though inconsiderate, was an annoying one, but has been resupplied. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Ohio has a curiosity in a man who can be flattened out like a pancake and rolled up like a carpet. After the first week in November it will be found that just such a man lives in Maine.—San Francisco Examiner.

A SPEECH FROM CLEVELAND.

The National Committee to wait upon Governor Cleveland and inform him of his nomination for the Presidency, discharged their duty a few days ago, and the announcement was by an address from the Committee, to which Governor Cleveland, who had stood meanwhile an intentive listener, replied as follows:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee*: Your formal announcement does not, of course, convey to me the first information of the result of the convention lately held by the democracy of the nation, and yet, when, as I listened to your message and see about me representatives from all parts of the land of the great party which, claiming to be the party of the people, ask them to entrust to it the administration of their government and when I consider, under the influences of the stern realities which the present surrounding create, that I have been chosen to represent these plans, purposes and policy of the democratic party, I am profoundly impressed by the solemnity of the occasion and by the responsibility of my position. Though I gratefully apureciate it, I do not at this moment congratulate myself upon the distinguished honor conferred upon me, because my mind is full of anxious desire to perform well the part which has been assigned to me. Nor do I at this moment forget that the rights and interests of more than 50,000,000 of my fellow citizens are involved in an effort to gain democratic supremacy. This reflection presents to my mind the consideration which more than all others gives to the action of my party in convention assembled its most sober and serious aspect. The party and its representatives which ask me to be entrusted at the hands of the people with the keeping of what concerns their welfare and their safety should only ask it with the full appreciation of the sacredness of the trust and with a firm resolve to administer it faithfully and well.

I am a democrat because I believe that this truth lies at the foundation of true democracy. I have kept the faith because I believe, if rightly and fairly administered and applied, democratic doctrines and measures will insure the happiness, contentment and prosperity of the people. If, in the contest upon which we now enter, we steadfastly hold to the underlying principles of our party creed, and at all times keep in view the people's good, we shall be strong because we are true to ourselves and because the plain and independent voters of the land will seek by their suffrages to compass their release from party tyranny, where there should be devotion to the people's interest. These thoughts lead a consecration to our cause and we go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of an honest administration of national affairs. No higher purpose or motive can stimulate to supreme effort or urge us to continuous and earnest labor and effective party organization. Let us not fail in this, and we may confidently hope to reap the full reward of patriotic services well performed. I have thus called to mind some simple truths, and trite though they are it seems to me we do well to dwell upon them at this time. I shall soon, I hope, signify in the usual formal manner my acceptance of the nomination which has been tendered me. In the meantime I gladly greet you all as co-workers in a noble cause."

This dispatch from Gov. Tilden to the great Democratic ratification meeting at Albany, on 29 ult., was received with cheers lasting fifteen minutes:

GREYSTONE, Yorkers, N. Y., July 29.
To President Democratic Phalanx:

I received last evening your invitation to attend the meeting to be held this evening under the auspices of the Albany Democratic Phalanx for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks. Although I cannot be present in person with my old friends in Albany on this interesting occasion, I cordially co-operate with them in the support of the excellent ticket nominated by the Democratic National Convention, and feel assured that in its success at the election, of which there is every prospect, the country will achieve a substantial victory for the cause of good government.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

[New York Times, Rep.]

What did the New York *Tribune* mean when on March 10, 1776, it said "there is a great difference between the two men, for Butler is a blackguard by nature, while Blaine is only a bully by calculation?" And, again, what did the *Tribune* man mean on May 31, 1876, when it made the following editorial observations: "He [Blaine] is at all times a partisan, and too much imbued with the prejudices and habits of partisanship to make an ideal president or an ideal candidate, and it is true, too, as has been once or twice said, that he has been in a conspicuous and influential position in Congress for many years and has not urged any measure of reform or protested against bad government and corrupt administration?"

CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS.

Messrs. Thomas W. Price & Co, 505 Minor street, Philadelphia, are the publishers of handsomely executed portraits of Cleveland and Hendricks. The sizes and prices are as follows: 11x14 inches, $4.50 per 100; 21x27 inches, $15 per 100; 28x42 inches, $30 per 100. Samples by mial, 10, 25 and 50 cents.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC BARBECUE IN KENTUCKY.

Lexington, July 29.—Ten thousand persons attended the great Democratic barbecue here to-day. The crowd feasted on 85 head of cattle, sheep and hogs, which were slaughtered and roasted whole in trenches, and consumed loads of other viands, including 1,000 gallons of Burgout soup. Senators Beck, Blackburn and Voorhees and Gen. Durbin Ward spoke.

AN AWFUL SCOURGE AMONG CATTLE IN THE WEST.

Chicago, July 29.—A dispatch from Rood House, Illinois, says that sixteen car loads of cattle from Indian Territory arrived at Chicago and Alton stock yards there, Sunday night. Nineteen had died on the road from Kansas City, and it was believed the whole lot were infected with Texas fever. All that could stand up of the twelve carloads were forwarded to Chicago. The remainder, 72 in number, were dead on Monday morning. Andy Jacobs, of Kansas City, who was in charge of the cattle, denied that they had Texas fever, and said that they were poisoned by eating loco weeds on the trail. But a veterinary surgeon from Jacksonville, pronounced the disease Texas fever. The stock yards at Rood House were disinfected with lime and the cattle for Chicago by this route were unloaded at Jacksonville last night instead of at Rood House.

Another train, consisting of 12 cars containing 240 head of cattle, arrived this morning. They were branded the same as the herd which were found to be diseased yesterday and are from South western Kansas Fifteen were found dead in the cars. Fifty had been thrown out dead on the way, and a great many others were sick and had been tramped on Dr. Paaren, the State Veterinarian, and Dr. Dewolfe, the City Health Commissioner, declare the trouble to be bloody murrain. The entire herd, including those of yesterday, were ordered killed, making about 500 head in all. The officials declare that the cattle were evidently diseased before shipment and from all that can be learned the entire herd was in the Kansas City stock yards 30 days before shipment to this city. In view of this fact the cattle will be thoroughly quarantined before killing. It is not believed that the trouble whether it is Texas fever or bloody murrain will extend any further.

CATTLE DYING BY THE HUNDRED

Chicago, July 28.—About 400 cattle arrived at the stock yards to-day, and nearly fifty were found lying dead in the cars and large numbers suffering with some disease which causes the keenest agony and doubled them up like colic. The story spread that a contagious Texas fever prevailed, and the remainder of the heard were quarantined. In all 120 died or were killed to put them out of their misery. Another theory which obtained generalcredence was that they were poisoned by drinking alkali water. The State Veterian will make an official examination to-morrow. He inclines to the opinion that they were driven too far without water and then allowed to drink too much.

WHAT AN INDIANIAN DID.

Columbus, Ind., July 29.—During the heavy rain and thunder storm last night a large tree was blown down, falling lengthwise on the track of Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railroad near Austin. A man named H. D. Robinson, who happened near, attempted to get a light to nail the north bound night express, then almost due. He could get no lantern, and matches were blown out as fast as he could light them, amid the terrible wind and blinding rain still prevailing. Robinson saw the train coming, and, planting himself firmly in the centre of the track, yelled at the top of his voice and waved his umbrella wildly through the pitchy darkness and storm. The train came thundering along until within a few feet of the obstruction when the glare of the headlight discerned it to the engineer, who at once reversed the engine and had all the brakes applied, stopping the train within two feet of Robinson, who fainted and fell in the middle of the track before the engine. And thus by his heroism a terrible calamity was avoided. Passengers and train men, realizing what a terrible fate they had escaped by Robinson's heroism, made up over $100 on the spot and presented it to him.

EIGHT MAN DROWNED.

Cleiveland, July 29.—A dispatch was received here last night by the owners of the large steel steamer J. M. Osborne, stating that she was sunk Sunday night in the Saulte St. Marie by collision with the steel steamship Alberta. The Alberta was badly damaged and put into port for repairs. The Osborne had 1,100 tons of iron ore on board and sank instantly. The mate, a fireman, the cook and five deck hands were lost.

REDUCED RATESTO GETTYSBURG DURING THE NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT.

The annual encampment of the National Guard, at Gettysburg, commencing on August 2, bids fair to be the most brilliant event of the kind in the annals of the state Guard. It is confidently expected that eight thousand soldiers will be present, besides numerous visitors, military and civic. The camp is located on the historic battlefield, a fact which lends a peculiar interest to the event. The features of the week will consist of drills, parades, reviews, target practice, sham battles, and other diversions incident to camp life. Special interest attaches to the visit of Hon. R. T. Lincoln, Secretary of War; Gens. P. H. Sheridan, W. S. Hancock, Fitzhugh Lee, and other famous military leaders, who are expected on Tuesday next. Gov. Pattison and staff will also be in attendance during the encampment.

For the benefit of the large class of persons who desire to visit the camp, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines east of Lancaster and west of Lewistown Junction; on the Northern Central Railway and Philadelphia and Erie Division north of Sunbury; on the Frederick Division and Columbia branch south of Lancaster (via Hanover); and on Baltimore Division, good for passage from the 2d to the 8th and good to return until the 9th, at two cents per mile. Two-day excursion tickets, at reduced rates, will be sold from all stations between Lewistown Junction and Harrisburg, and between Sunbury and Harrisburg; and one-day excursions from points on the Philad. Division between Lancaster and Harrisburg. The above tickets will be sold only from stations in territory named within the state of Penn'a.

HORSE THIEVES IN OREGON.

Portland, July 29.—An organized band of stock thieves has been captured by a party of regulators at Willowa Valley, Oregon. Seventeen of the thieves were caught with a large number of horses in their possession. Two of the ringleaders were hanged and the remainder turned over to the authorities.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Fred'k Kurtz, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John A. Woodward, of Howard, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. Philip S. Fisher, of Zion, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Griffith, of Halfmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Gramly, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. M'Clain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John S. Hoy, of Gregg, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

NIAGARA FALLS AND WATKINS GLEN.

Second Grand Annual Excursion to the Cataract and Watkins Glen, the Great Natural Wonders of the American Continent.

Arrangements have been perfected for the excursion. A special train will be run via Pennsylvania railroad, Tuesday, August 19, 1884. Schedule and rates of fare to Niagara Falls and return as follows:

Lancaster	$9 65	6:25 a. m.
York	9 95	7:20 "
Harrisburg	8 85	8:10 "
Clarks Ferry	8 40	8:44 "
Williamstown	8 65	7:60 "
Lykens	8 50	8:20 "
Millersburg	8 05	9:11 "
Georgetown	7 75	9:33 "
Lewistown	9 05	7:20 "
Selinsgrove	7 60	8:53 "
Selinsgrove Junction	7 40	10:00 "
Mount Carmel	8 05	7:15 "
Shamokin	7 80	8:25 "
Bloom Ferry	7 65	9:05 "
Catawissa	7 65	9:16 "
Riverside	7 40	9:37 "
Sunbury	7 25	10:15 "
Northumberland	7 15	10:25 "
Spring Mills	8 25	5:50 "
Coburn	8 05	6:18 "
Mifflinburg	7 30	8:00 "
Lewisburg	7 00	10:15 "
Montandon	6 95	10:39 "
Milton	6 85	10:45 "
Watsontown	6 75	10:53 "
Montgomery	6 55	11:06 "
Muncy	6 40	11:14 "
Renovo	7 65	10:05 "
Bellefonte	7 60	9:45 "
Lock Haven	6 80	11:15 "
Jersey Shore	6 30	11:45 "
Williamsport	6 05	12:25 p. m

Arrive at Watkins, 3:45 p. m.

Tickets will be good going only on special train to Watkins, but from Watkins they will be good for passage at any time within ten days from date of issue, and good to stop off at any intermediate point going and returning.

The route from Watkins will be over the Northern Central railway to Canandaigua giving a beautiful view of Seneca Lake, thence to Niagara Falls over New York Central railroad.

The scenery over the entire route is not excelled for beauty and grandeur.

The accommodations for this excursion will be first class in every particular. The trains will be composed of elegant Eastlake coaches, and every effort will be made to make it an enjoyable trip. The fare to Niagara Falls and return from all points has been made extremely low and within the means of all.

Arrangements have been made for reduced rates at the hotels at Watkins and Niagara Falls, and for carriage hire and admision to all places of interest, so that persons may know just what it will cost before making the trip. The expense of the trip outside of the railroad fare will not exceed $8.

Blaine may be a tattooed man, but he will have the spots knocked out of him in the "sweet by and by."—Fall River (Mass.) Advance.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one with an eager lip
Life's many cups we try,
Only of poisoned drops to sip,
And athirst, at last to die.

One by one we build on sand,
Each castle so frail and fair,
Only to find they will not stand
But dissolve at last in air.

One by one we chase them far
Each illusive phantom bright,
Only to find each guiding star
A will o' the wisp in flight.

One by one, oh! beautiful dreams,
We hug them to our heart,
But, like the song of frozen streams,
Their witcheries all depart.

One by one each friend we made
Chameleons proved, of clay;
Sunshine's roses, swift to fade,
Their thorns, alas! may not decay.

One by one our pleasures pall,
And break the reeds we trust;
One by one our idols fall,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

One by one with weary lip
Life's failing founts we try;
Lees of gall and wormwood sip,
Mocked with vinegar, die.

JESSIE'S HERO.

"One, two, three, four," said Jessie Ashton, as she sat in her tasteful little boudoir counting on her fingers; "four, I can hardly say, gentlemen, four pieces of conceit and assurance, who have informed me this morning that they are dying for my hand, and who all imagine, I suppose, that I am dying for the honor of adding their names to my own. Conceited numbskulls! If they had any brains they might see that I don't care two straws for all of them put together and that it makes me sick whenever they come near me with their airs and graces. Ugh! marry one of those creatures! Not I," and Jessie resolutely shook her pretty head, sending her golden curls all over her face.

"I think it is very foolish and unladylike in you to talk that way, Jessie," remarked her aunt who had at that moment entered the room; "very unladylike it is to talk in that way of your admirers. They are very fine gentlemen, all of them, and you know they adore you."

"That is it!" exclaimed Jessie, tossing back her curls. "If they would only leave off adoring me I would like it much betterr But only think, after barely six weeks' acquaintance, to come bobbing down in front of me, calling me an angelic creature and telling me they adore me and telling me they cannot live five minutes longer unless I promise to become their lovely bride and all that sort of thing, while all the time I am longing to box their ears. Now, that don't look angelic, or the nearest approach to it, does it? And, as to their dying of love for me, although I refused them all, I don't believe they will have the heart disease in consequence or go melancholy mad before they reach home."

"Is it possible that you refused all those good offers?" exclaimed Aunt Barbara; holding up her hands. "When will you ever get suited, Jessie Ashton? What more do you want?"

"I want one who is good for something," replied Jessie, with spirit; "some one who can declare his love for me, if he feels any, in a sensible, manly way, without all these sentimental simperings that distinguish my aristocratic admirers. In short, I want a hero."

"A hero!" and Miss Barbara gazed at Jessie in speechless astonishment. "Pray define the term, if you please."

"I don't mean such heroes as they put in story books to amuse children," said Jessie, slightly coloring; "I am not so silly as that. By a hero I mean one who cares something for his fellow-creatures; who has proved by his works that he has a noble nature within him. One who, in the moment of danger, would forget self and give his life, if need be, to save another. That's the man for me! With such a man," she continued, with her cheeks glowing and two bright tears glistening in her eyes, "with such a man I could willingly, gladly trust myself for life with the sweet assurance that I would never be less dear to him than on the day I became his bride."

Wholly carried away by her enthusiasm, she bust into tears, while Aunt Barbara watched her in dignified silence. After a long pause, she said, sarcastically:

"If those are your sentiments, it will be a long time before you meet your hero. As for me, I shall not trouble myself any further about getting a good match for you. I resign all responsibility about you;" and Miss Barbara majestically left the room.

Jessie raised her hand and wiped her eyes.

"I don't care what Aunt Barbara says," she said. I'll die an old maid sooner than marry one of those fops;" and she took up some embroidery and worked away energetically upon it.

A day or two after this, as Jessie was seated in the parlor reading, her brother entered the room, saying:

"Come, Jessie, you are losing all your roses by staying in the house so; come and take a walk, won't you?"

"Willingly," said Jessie; and soon, equipped, they started forth.

"So you gave your fond adorers the mitten the other day, did you? inquired her brother, as they walked on.

"I guess I did," replied Jessie; "I put a stop to their tactics instanter."

"Any [illegible] broken-hearted. I suppose?" said her brother, laughingly.

"Never fear," returned Jessie; "they have as much heart or gizzard now as they ever had, I guess. But, Walter, I wonder what has become of Edgar St. Clair, whom we met last winter? He is one of those I like and esteem very highly. He was so different from my late adorers. I——"

"Come this way, Jessie," interrupted Walter, drawing her to one side, "see that immense crowd coming. Something unusual must be the matter."

In a moment the throng swept by. Jessie and Walter quickened their footsteps, and, turning a corner, came in sight of an immense fire, which had originated in a large dwelling house. The firemen, who had arrived, had given up all hopes of saving the house, and were directing their energies toward the adjacent buildings.

"Oh, Walter, hear those screams!" exclaimed Jessie. "Oh, that I could help them. There must be some child in the burning building."

"Come away, Jessie," said Walter. "There is such a crowd that I could not be able to give any help. Don't let us stay here."

"Oh, yes, Walter—stay, stay," cried Jessie, springing up the steps of a large house. "I am safe here, and I must see if any one is saved. See!" she continued, turning toward the fire, "there is some one going up the ladder. He reaches the window. Oh, may he be successful!"

As she spoke a young man had forced his way through the crowd, had ascended the ladder, and stretching forth his arm, was soon seen rapidly decending, bearing a child in his arms.

As he reached the ground, another child appeared at the window and screamed for help. Again he sprang up the ladder, but the crowd suddenly surging forward shook it, and he fell to the ground, crushing his foot under him.

"Don't mind me," he cried, as soon as he could speak; "the child—save it."

"Couldn't do it, sir," said one of the men, shaking his head; "the house is most burnt up, and by the time we get up there the flames would reach the ladder, and it would fall, then where would we be, I wonder? My life is too precious to be risked in that way."

"Will no one do it?" exclaimed the young man, despairingly; and lifting his voice, he cried: "Will no one save the child?"

The answer came from all, "too late," and many slunk away.

"Then you must have an example," cried the young man and feebly, and with great difficulty he dragged himself to the ladder, growing paler every moment from increasing pain, and manfully exerting all the strength, he worked himself up the ladder, reached the window, grasped the child firmly, then came a blinding crash, and all was a blank.

A dark, quiet room, a light hand on his brow, and a sound of weeping, and then a whisper "Oh, doctor, will he die?" These sounds greet the sufferer, and he opens his eyes and tries to raise himself, but a sharp pain in his head forces him to fall back again.

Jessie Ashton bent over him and took his hand.

"Do you feel better?" she asked, tenderly; "Oh, I thought you were dead," and her tears flowed afresh.

"A little better," replied the invalid, with a smile, then gazing earnestly at her sweet face, he continued: "Have we not met before? I seem to remember you. Your name, sweet lady?"

"Jessie Ashton," was the reply; "and yours?"

"Edgar St. Clair," said the young man.

Jessie turned away for an instant to hide her emotion.

"'Tis he, indeed!" she murmured. "I knew it. I felt it. Oh, Heavenly Father, spare his noble life!"

"Do you feel well enough to talk a little?" she said, approaching him again. "If you do, tell me how you could ascend that fearful ladder so disabled?"

"I do not know," returned Edgar, with kindling eyes. "The child was all that was in my thoughts. I did not feel the pain or see the danger. But what happened as I grasped the child?"

"The ladder gave way, and came crashing to the ground," replied Jessie, shuddering; "the child fell from your arms, and was caught by one of the crowd, but you struck the ground, I think. My brother passed forward and lifted you up for dead, and brought you here. That was three days ago. Oh, how earnestly we watched for the first signs of life, and to-day we were almost despairing. The doctor was almost certain you were dead."

"I have been mercifully preserved," said Edgar, and the doctor coming in at that moment, prohibited further conversation at present.

The months wore away, bringing strength and health to the invalid. Jessie was his constant nurse, and when his brow was heated with fever, no hand could soothe like hers, no touch feel so refreshing. Perhaps it was partly this that helped him to recover so soon, for he loved his sweet little nurse with all the ardor of his strong nature. For hours she would sit by his side, with her soft, cool hand on his brow, and he would sink into slumber for which he awoke strengthened and refreshed.

Bright and joyous was the day on which he first left his room. How anxiously Jessie watched his every movement, least he should overexert himself. At last she prevailed upon him to sit down on a shady seat in the garden, saying, laughingly:

"Remember, Dr. A——has given you into my charge, and you must obey all my commands."

He looked up into her face, and archly replied:

"You will have to stay very close to me, then, or you will find me missing. I've been quiet and helpless so long that I really enjoy this freedom."

A few days after this, Jessie came into the room where Edgar was sitting in a large arm-chair, and said, with a smile:

"You've been so good, and obeyed my directions so well, that I am going to give you a great treat. Papa has had the horse harnessed up, and he says he thinks a ride would do you good; so is it yea or nay?"

"It is most positively yea, my fair jailer," cried Edgar, springing up; "that is, if you will accompany me."

"Oh, certainly," replied Jessie; "I didn't intend to trust you out alone."

In a few moments all was ready, and they started off, after a strict injunction not to be gone too long.

They rode on in silence for some time, and at last Edgar said:

"Have you not found it very tedious to stay in doors to take care of me?"

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Jessie; "I have been repaid by seeing you well again."

"My darling little Jessie!" exclaimed Edgar, suddenly clasping her in his arms and kissing her sweet mouth, "will you consent to take care of me for life, darling? Say, sweet one, will you be mine?"

Jessie nestled a little closer to him and replied:

"Yes, Edgar; I have loved you ever since that day when you so nobly risked your life for another, maimed and disabled though you were. Only think, we were just talking about you, when we were so unexpectedly brought together."

They soon turned toward home, and Jessie hastened to her parents to make known to them her new-found happiness, and to receive her father's congratulatory kiss and smile of approbation; then return to her lover, who declared, with a smile, that he had grown quite melancholy at her absence.

"Well, I suppose you think you have found your hero now," remarked Aunt Barbara, when their engagement was made known to her, "are you satisfied now, you particular little body?"

"Yes, Aunt Barbara," replied Jessie, taking her hand and gazing thoughtfully into her face; "I have found my true hero, and have intrusted my happiness to him, knowing that it will never be less, and that I shall ever have cause to bless the day that brought us together."

Bears and Wolves.

It would be difficult in all nature to find two wild animals so diametrically opposed in appearance, habits and character as the bear and the wolf. Yet it would be difficult in all poetry to find two wild animals more intimately associated. The shambling, fruit eating, retiring, straightforward and mild-mannered bear has nothing in common with the agile, flesh-preferring wolf. Nevertheless, in poetry they are as punctually, and arbitrarily bracketed together as larks and linnets, or apes or asses. Bruin has had to suffer much in consequence, first of all, of the ignominious familiarity which its dancing and being baited have induced; and secondly, of its unfortunate personal appearance. But when it sets itself going after one it wishes to catch, the bear displays an agility and address which those who have been hunted by it declare to be amazing. And when it wishes to get beetle-grubs out of the ground, ants out of their nest, honey out of a bee-tree, fruit from a slender bough, or birds' eggs out of a nest, it shows itself to be as ingenious and skilful as any other animal that has to live by its wits. To get, for instance, at the beetle-grubs, it scratches off the upper earth and then sucks them up out of the ground—an application of a scientific process which no animal without a prodigious reserve of air-force could hope to accomplish. When it wishes to empty an ant hive it knocks the top off with its paws, and then, applying its mouth to the central gallery of the nest, inhales it breath forcibly, thereby setting up such a current of air that all the ants and their eggs come whirling up into the mouth like packets through a pneumatic tube. When robbing bees it does not get stung, and when after wild apricots or acorns it not only balances itself with all the judgment of a rope-walker, but uses its weight very cleverly so as to bring other boughs within reach of its curved claws. Nor while doing this does it conceal what it is about. On the contrary, when sucking at an ant-heap or grub-hole it makes such a noise that on a still evening it can be heard a quarter of a mile off, and when up a tree, and not alarmed, it goes smashing about among the boughs as if bears were not only the rightful lords of the manor, but as if there were no such things as enemies in the world.

Humanity judges humanity by itself.

A Salmon's Whiz.

A veteran salmon fisher says: I'd rather catch one twenty-five pound salmon than a wagon load of any other fish that swim. What do you think of having to chase a fish two miles and more after you've got your hook in it, and after you catch up with it having to tussle with it like a Græco-Roman wrestler for an hour, may be, before it'll give up the sponge? Well, I had to do that last season with a salmon, and he wasn't an extra large one, either. He only weighed twenty-three pounds. The salmon rivers are all streams with swift currents, whirling rapids and high falls. You won't find this king of fish in any other kind of water. It don't make any difference how steep the falls are the salmon goes up stream just as easy as he does down. A salmon will go up an almost perpendicular fall as slick as you could slide down a greased telegraph pole.

"Did you ever see a salmon take the fly? Well, then, when your first salmon appears to you you won't know whether to faint or shout 'Hallelujah!' The salmon's haunt, when he is lying in wait for prey, is in some deep, quiet pool, where the water eddies and hesitates, and then passes slowly on. From the bank above this pool, or from your canoe, you cast your fly on its surface.

Now, the beauty about salmon fishing is that your tackle isn't much heavier than if you were whipping some mountain brook for trout. Your rod is elastic and strong, and your reel must hold at least 300 feet of fine silk line. Your fly drops lightly on the surface, and if the salmon is in the humor he goes for it at once. Now, a trout rises to a fly with a swoop and a whirl, and away he goes. Your salmon darts from his hiding-place in meteor fashion also, but, before he reaches the fly, he pauses within a few inches of it. The pious guides cross themselves at this interesting moment. 'He is saying his grace,' they say. Then the salmon rises, opens his mouth and draws it in, and drops back toward the bottom. That is when he gets himself in trouble. In dropping down he sets the hook firmly in his upper jaw, and then is when he begins to get you in trouble. As soon as he feels the hook things begin to boil. Away he'll go and take one hundred feet of your line off your reel before you know it. Then the chances are that he'll take another course, perhaps straight toward you, and then you've got to work to take up that slack line. As soon as you draw it taut on the reel and he feels the pull on the hook, whiz! he will come out of that water and shoot into the air a dozen feet. Taking a header, he darts down to the depths again, tearing this way and that way, round and round, and keeping your fingers busy at the reel. Then suddenly out of the water he comes again, throwing himself high above water, and, describing a capricious arc in mid-air, falls back into his element again, quivering with excitement and pain, and sparkling with spray. Finding that these tactics fail to release him from the hook, the chances are that he may take it into his head to seek another part of the river, and down the stream he goes like a race-horse.

"He may lead you a mile, or two miles, keeping your attendants busy at the oars, and yourself on the alert for any sudden change in his manœuvering. It may be that, after the chase, he will have recourse to his former tactics, and give you a lively struggle for half an hour or so. By and by, however, discouraged and exhausted, he will give up absolutely, and allow himself to be reeled in and gaffed. The whole fight has been science and skill against cunning and strength, and the former will win every time.

The Herder's Enemy.

The coyote is the Oregon herder's wily enemy. He is constantly on the warpath and takes no pains to conceal the fact. If the sheep wander away from the camp at night, the coyote is apt to find it out before the herder does and at once proceeds to feast upon the finest of the flock. If very hungry he will kill one and devour nearly the whole of it; then summon his confederates, and lead them to the slaughter for fun. The sheep soon scatter in frightened squads all over the range. The coyotes will then quit, as though aware that a more vigilant watch will be kept, and will turn their attention to some neighboring herd until the previous night's raid shall be in some measure forgotten. Coyotes are constantly being killed off, either by being shot or poisoned. The latter mode is more effective, but is attended with serious danger to the shepherd dogs, which in spite of the utmost precaution often hunt up the poison and eat it.

In the Woods.

In one of the Philippine Islands it is customary when a young fellow asks the old folks for their daughter to send her into the woods at sunrise, and if the lover finds her before sunset she is his. If not, he forfeits all claim. The girl is given one hour the start. This gives her a fair chance, and she can use her own judgment about hiding after she gets in the woods.

Truth may be defeated, but never conquered.

When the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.

If you wish to reach the highest begin at the lowest.

The Gamblers' "square Game."

The claim is often made that many gamblers do "a square business;" that they give every man a fair chance to win their money, and only expect in return an even chance; but the fact is, this is pure fiction.

A "squarely dealt" (?) game has an immense advantage over the players in three things—the "splits," the capital it is played on, and last, but not least, an expert to deal the cards. It would be impossible to compute the value of the percentage to be derived from the "splits," as in a "square game" no two deals will run alike. But of every bet affected by a "split" fifty per cent. goes to the game. An expert dealer can "rip the deck for splits," and it is the trick most practiced, because it requires least skill in manipulating the cards.

The second advantage is graduated by each player. Say, for example, eight players are in front of the table, and jointly show up (produce) $400. The game's capital being $2,000 is increased to $2,400—by the sale of chips. Now, if one man were to play the whole $400, the game would have the advantage of him in the ratio of six to one in betting capital. Then, as the limit allowed by the game is $100 on double cards and $50 on single cards or cases, the actual advantage is twenty-four to one—on the supposition that the limit is bet every time, which is never done by "suckers," and but seldom by professionals. The fact is, the $400 is divided between eight players, with an average capital of $50 each, while all are playing against $2,400. The reader can figure the averages himself. I will only state that, with an average dealer $2,000 "string" (capital), and a daily front of $400 divided between eight players, there is not a game working twenty-eight days a month that will not quit winner $7,500 twelve months in the year.

But that which in my estimation is the strongest evidence that the assumed virtue and honor of the gambling fraternity are a sham and have no solid foundation in fact, is the fact that "brace" games are allowed to flourish. Every gambler knows just where the games are located, and is personally acquainted with the managers. If their own games were honest they would combine and crush on the "brace" games. It would be for their interest to do so. But the fact is, the only difference between a "brace" game and an ordinary game of faro is, that the first mentioned is like the man-eating shark, which swallows at one gulp everything that falls into its mouth; while the latter is an ordinary bottle-nose, which devours its victim piecemeal.

To sum the whole matter up: A business that is illegitimate in itself, and draws to its support criminals from every walk in crime, must on it face be demoralizing.

Cheese as Food.

Cheese when properly made, and thoroughly cured, so that all of its substance is available for food, has twice the value of butchers' meat for sustaining life, and is quite as easily digested, and as wholesome. But all cheese, even when well cured, is not equal to its highest possibilities. Many circumstance interfere with its perfection. In the first place, good cheese can only be made out of good milk, and this is not always at the command of the cheese maker. The milk which was good when it came from the cow may not be so when it reaches the cheese vat; it may be sour or stale, or uncleanly; and, further, milk itself is liable to wide variations in its constituents, thereby varying the quality of cheese made from it. But these are only accidental irregularities, that are not always present, and cheese made from milk which is free from them should not be condemned on their account. They are avoidable, and do not, in fact, give much ground for complaint against the use of cheese.

There are other things connected with the use of cheese equally avoidable, which give rise to well-grounded complaints, that are telling heavily against its good name and use. Bearing in mind the indigestible, and consequently unwholesome, condition of newly-pressed curd, or, as it is called, green cheese, and remembering that this condition only abates gradually, as the cheese advances in curing, the ill effects of putting it into consumption too soon, while it is yet in the green state, will be understood. Those who are at all familiar with the traffic in cheese know very well that much of the cheese of commerce, when it goes into consumption, is too imperfectly cured to have its food value fully available. It is so indidestible as to be unhealthful, and it is used at a loss because much of it is not digested at all. Thus the practice of thrusting green cheese upon the markets gives rise to just grounds for objections to its healthfulness and value, and greatly restricts its consumption, all of which would be obviated by retaining the goods in the curing room till they are fit for use.

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

Discouragement is not a fruit of humility, but of pride.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Good manners are the small coin of virtue.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

A virtuous life with a happy conscience is a grand success.

Keep your character on your forehead; your life in your heart.

He that would not when he might shall not when he would.

Vulgarity, pure and simple, is pretending to be what you are not.

Theft is no less theft because it is countenanced by political usage.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

We cannot right every wrong, but we can, indeed, wrong every right.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.

Actions, looks and words, form the steps by which we may spell character.

Satire lies about men of letters during their life, and serves as a veil after their death.

A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety: it treats little things, as little things and is not hurt by them.

So long as the rich remain indifferent to the outcast poor the gulf between them will widen and deepen.

Good councils observed are chains to grace, which, neglected, prove halters to strange, undutiful children.

Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more important to you than any other.

The firm without pliancy and the pliant without firmness, resemble vessels without water and water without vessels.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind; the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of anything he was never reasoned into. Reason is a very light rider and easily shaken off.

The wisest are always the readiest to acknowledge that soundly to judge of a law is the weightiest thing which any man can take upon him.

The only gratification a covetous man gives his neighbors, is, to let them see that he himself is as little better for what he has as they are.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.

The ruin of a State is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners and contempt of religion, which is entirely our case at present.

It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

Contentment furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy; to the discontented, even wealth is vexation.

Charity is a principle of prevailing love to God and good will to men, which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God, and to do good to others.

Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, the world itself.

In religious concerns, reason without faith tends to casuistry. Not in jurisprudence alone applies the ancient maxim (*Aspices juris non sunt jura*)—Subtleties of law are not law.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that an individual can display to another is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it it is listening to such a communication with gratitude and amending the error.

Those boast of abstinence who have lost their digestive power; those boast of knowing how to be silent who have nothing to say. In short mankind make vices of the pleasures which they cannot enjoy, and virtues of infirmities to which they are subject.

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along smoothly. Speak kindly at night for it may be that, before dawn, some loved one will finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

A poor widow, not having bed-clothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her bovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?"

When we get to heaven, no doubt there will be great surprises for nearly all of us. Here we are like chestnuts with the burrs, on; there we will be without the burrs, and many of us will be astonished to find there that we are not half so big as we thought ourselves on earth.

Wait not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no irritations, no difficulties.

Exquisite fineness of nature is quite compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through the forest, and feel no touch of the boughs, but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent roseleaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle and behave like iron.

NO DEATH.

There is no death; the common end
Of life and growth we comprehend
Is not of forms that cease, but mend;
It is not death, but change.

When wastes the seed, the sower sows,
Beneath the clog of Winter snows,
The Autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change

When Science weighs and counts the strands
In economic Nature's bands,
She recollects them in her hands,
So show no loss from change.

They do not die; our darling ones:
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs—
That death is nought but change.

When stills the heart, and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs have ceased they know us by—
It is not death, but change.

THE UNWILLING GUEST.

The old Baron did not require much pressing, but soon began his story:

I think, my friends you have all heard of the Countess Repey—the younger, of course—the bewitching little sprite, my little black-eyed princess.

Mine! I only wish she were mine. You must all know her. I suspect you have all lost your hearts to her, as I have done; yet I, insignificant as I am, have been most favored. I drove in the same carriage with her for a whole night! True, there was a chaperone present, but I will not have my good luck disparaged. But may the devil fly away with such good luck!

One evening, in an evil hour, it occurred to her that her presence was indispensable at a ball which was to take place at Arad on the following night.

She immediately ordered her carriage. I was the only person near at hand. "Please, dear Baron," she cried, "escort me to the Arad."

"Dear Baron, dear Baron!" what answer could I give her?

"Countess, *ma deessee*, it is dark as Erebus; the carriage will be upset; we have to cross three rivers—it will be a wonder if even two have safe bridges. We shall be drowned, Countess; our road lies through a forest of vast extent, lonely as the grave, and infested with thieves and murderers. We shall be assassinated—I could not protect you alone! Besides, why should we hurry so? Let us have an early cup of tea, and set out in the morning; we shall reach Arad by noon, and you will have the whole afternoon for your toilette. Let us start to-morrow, Countess."

My representations were futile—she would start instanter. You know how obstinate she is. She said she "did not wish to postpone everything till the last moment," she wished "to recover from the fatigue of the journey." "How can I step straight out of the carriage into the ball-room after being heated, jolted, crushed, and tumbled by the drive?"

And, besides, she has a mania for driving at night—it is "so lovely, so romantic; the stars, the frogs, and the moonbeams." These were only pretexts—she was determined to satisfy her whim at any price.

Enfin, what should I do? accompany her, or stay alone in the castle?—a sweet alternative. I chose the former course; in her gratitude she allowed me the privilege of sitting opposite her in the carriage.

The truth will out; it was devilish pleasant; I was almost oppressed with marks of the Countess's favor. First she confided a bandbox to my care, then her muff, then her travelling-bag; lastly a pair of goloshes. Next she fell asleep—deaf to all conversation, she slumbered soundly; occasionally when the carriage jolted over a stone she would wake with a start: "Where is the travelling-bag? Where is the muff? Are you sure you are not sitting on the bonnet-box? For heaven's sake take care, dear Baron!" Then she fell asleep again; then the chaperone, who was suffering from *migraine*, began a querulous conversation, whimpering piteously the while. I closed my eyes, feigning sleep. Suddenly the carriage stopped and began to heel over on one side, as if it also was about to seek repose.

The coachman jumped off the box and came to the window.

"I am almost afraid, your ladyship, that we have lost our way."

"What matters?" answered the Countess; "does not the road lie before us? Drive on, of course-"

"There is a road, my lady, but where does it lead?"

"It must lead somewhere."

"But I am afraid it will lead us to a place not altogether safe."

"What a fool you are! Every place is safe—where are we now?"

"In the forest of Szalonta."

"Well, this forest ends somewhere. If I remember right it only takes two hours to drive through it either way."

"But the coachman is afraid"—I ventured.

"Is he paid for being afraid?"

"He is afraid, dear Countess, that something disagreeable may happen to you."

"That's no affair of his."

"Or that the horses—"

"Well, that's his lookout."

"That there are some poor devils in this forest who try to get their living by—"

"Folly! Isn't our coachman a poor devil himself?"

"Yes, yes; but he means those poor men who are in the habit of relieving one of a horse, and not unfrequently of a carriage, too. Countess, *ma deessee*, it is no joke; they might steal the horse, take our lives, or even worse. If I only had my revolver with me."

"So that you might have it stolen, too," jested the fair fiend. Thereupon she opened the carriage door, and, before I could prevent her, leaped gracefully out into the darkness. "Oh, what a lovely night! How fragrant the forest is! how the glow-worms sparkle! Look at them, dear Baron!"

"Look? What am I too look at? It is pitch dark. I cannot see anything."

"Nothing? Is not that a light gleaming under the trees yonder?"

My blood curdled. We were close to the robbers' den. The coachman had also descried the light; he now said, in a voice which resembled that of a man who was being hanged:

"That is the inn, my lady, frequented by the poor men."

"Capital! Drive to the inn, coachman, for we have no other refuge for the night."

I was in despair. "For heaven's sake Countess, what are you going to do? This is a notorious den of thieves, where we shall all be assassinated; the host is a confederate; many travelers have already met their death. Only lately I read in the papers—"

The diabolical creature interrupted me with a loud laugh.

"These are only old women's tales," she said; "who is afraid of such imaginary bogeys? If there were a hotel anywhere near, we should of course drive to it. As it is, we must put up with the tavern."

So saying, she told the coachman to follow her slowly with the carriage; she meant to advance on foot, to show him the way. Remonstrances were useless, she threatened to penetrate the *csarda* alone if we would not accompany her. The little Countess would have done it, too! As we approached the building, strains of gipsy music became audible.

"Strange!" jested the Countess, "we wanted to go to a ball, and here we suddenly lit upon one. How very fortunate!"

With these words she walked up to the door.

For a moment I reflected that it would be wisest to leave her here, and to betake myself to the forest; but it would not have been right to forsake her, and, besides, I had no choice, for Mlle. Cesarine, the chaperone, had seized my arm, which she would not relinquish. Poor thing, she was half dead with fright, and shook like an aspen leaf. At some distance we could hear the wild shouts with which those assembled in the tavern accompanied their dance. Nothing daunted by all this, the Countess boldly opened the door and walked in,

We entered a long, low room, stained with smoke. In my first fright I fancied that I beheld at least fifty bandits dancing and singing before me. Subsequently, when I had somewhat recovered myself, I counted them, and it appeared that they amounted to nine in all, including the landlord and the three gipsies who formed the band. Five, however, are plenty! I wished them all at Jericho. Five muscular, gigantic fellows! Their heads almost touched the ceiling. Their pistols—each had one—were lying in a corner of the room. I noticed them at the first sight. "Well, we shall be lucky if we ever leave this den alive," thought I.

When the fellows saw us they paused in their dance, and stared at us with great sparkling eyes. Our temerity astonished them. My little Countess advanced into the room, and with a bewitching smile addressed them as follows:

"Pray forgive us for having disturbed you in your entertainment; we have lost our way, and as the darkness prevented us from driving farther, we beg you to give us shelter for the night."

One of the five bandits advanced towards her—he was the handsomest and slimmest of them all. He twirled the ends of his moustache, took off his hat, rattled his spurs till they rang again, and, bowing low to the smiling Countess, he said that he did not feel the least disturbed by her appearance, but was delighted at the honor. He, Fekete Jofzi (my blood ran cold—Fekete Jofzi, the notorious brigand of the day!), was paying the reckoning that evening, and so as host he took the liberty of inquiring who it was he had the honor to address. Before I could make a sign to prevent her, the Countess recklessly answered:

'Countess Repey, residing in your immediate neighborhood."

"I have the good fortune to know the name. The old Count once sent a bullet after me, but missed his aim. Pray be seated, Countess."

Here was a pleasant acquaintance! The Countess sat down on a bench, Fekete seated himself beside her. He never asked me to sit down; he seemed utterly unconscious of my presence.

"Where were you driving at such a late hour?" he inquired.

"Don't tell him! Don't tell him!" I telegraphed with my eyes.

"To Arad, to the casino ball." ("Farewell to your ball dress and jewels!" thought I.)

"Indeed! It was a lucky chance for us that brought you here. We are giving a ball too, and if her ladyship does not despise our invitation, I think I can promise her a delightful evening. Our gipsies are excellent musicians; they play *csardas* that make the blood course like fire through one's veins." Turning to the musicians, he added: "Let us have your song of 'The Beautiful Woman,' and mind how it is played."

Without another word the barefaced fellow, as soon as the music began slipped his arm round the waist of the fair Countess and swung her into the middle of the room:

Another impudent fellow rushed up to Mademoiselle Cesarine, who was half fainting from fright and agitation, and pulled her up to dance. After a few turns he passed her on to another—this was repeated until the poor creature found herself in a sad plight.

The Countess, on the other hand, was gliding about amongst all the noise with the same calmness and enjoyment as if she were waltzing on the waxed floor at Arad.

She was never lovelier or more seductive than at this moment, I have often seen Hungarian dancing, both at the theatre and at balls, but I shall never forget the way in which these two danced. First the Betyar with majestic steps led his partner once or twice round the room, his face proud, his gestures imposing. Suddenly he sprang into the middle of the room with a loud shout, the fiery Hungarian music waxing wilder and wilder.

Slowly, with steps full of grace, the Countess commenced the dance. She flattered about like a butterfly, touching every flower, but alighting on none. Now and again the bandit bent over her, as if about to embrace her; suddenly stopping, he would throw back his head and turn aside with wonderful grace, the bewitching little fairy floating towards him at one moment as if about to throw herself into his arms, then drawing back and luring him hither and thither in pursuit of her, the glance of their eyes alone showing that they formed one couple. At last the Betyar turned round completely and placed himself in front of the gipsies, as if he had turned his back on his partner, wishing in his rage to dance quite alone; again with one bound he resumed his place before her, their hands met, and he waltzed round with her at lightning speed. It almost made me giddy to watch them.

I feared all the time that the unblushing rogue would, in his excitement, be rude to the Countess. He had ample opportunity. One misdeed more or less would matter nothing to a man with a price on his head—the Countess was quite in his power. I was determined that if he forgot himself or displayed any impropriety in his manner toward the Countess I should make a rush for the pistols and shoot him down like a dog. What are you smiling at? *Parole d'honneur!* I was bent upon it!

Nothing of the kind occurred. Fekete led the Countess to her seat, reverently kissed her hand, and then turned to me. Laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder, he said:

"And you, old gentleman, you are not dancing,"

(Insolence! "Old gentleman" to me!)

"Thank you, I cannot dance."

"Indeed, that alters the case." He turned away to the Countess: "Pardon us, your ladyship, for not being duly prepared for the reception of distinguished guests. I hope you will be content with what we have; it is not much, indeed, but none the worse for that."

He alluded to the supper. It was a sumptuous banquet, I can tell you! A small kettle filled with slices of lamb was placed on the table, and the whole band gathered round it. The riches of the world would not have procured a plate; each person fished scraps of meat out of the kettle with a pocket-knife and a bit of bread! My little Countess ate as though she had had nothing for three days. The captain of the band himself selected the tid-bits for her, and cut several pieces of white bread. Her appetite was excellent.

Fekete suddenly remarked that I was taking no part in the repast. He first frowned ominously, but soon recovered his temper, and smilingly inquired why I did not eat.

"Eat away! eat away, old gentleman; this will fatten you—stolen meat is very nourishing."

"Thank you," I answered, "it is too highly seasoned for me."

The wine of course was served in a *kulatsch*—such people know nothing of glasses. After their custom Fekete drank first himself. Rubbing the neck of the vessel with his wristband, he handed the wine to the Countess, who took it readily, and, putting her lips to it, drained a hearty draught. Think of it, my friends! she drank, and a good deal too!

Once more it came to my turn, "Drink, old boy" ("old boy" he had come to now), "drink, just to wake yourself up."

"Thank you, I am not allowed to drink; I live homœopathically."

"Ah!" laughed he; "I understand, *similia similibus*." (He even understood Latin!) "I also follow the homœopathic system; yesterday wine did me an injury—to-day I cure myself with wine."

I felt sure that they wished to intoxicate us first, and then take our lives. How they could drink, too! Though only five in number, they emptied a cask of wine, and rose from the table perfectly sober. Whilst the others took some wine to the gipsies, the captain again approached your humble servant:

"Well, well, old gentleman" ("Devil take you, with your 'old gentleman!'" thought I); "you don't eat, drink, or dance? How do you pass your time? Don you play cards?"

He took a pack of cards from his pocket.

"Now," thought I, "he wants to find out how much money I have."

"I don't do that either," I answered; "I have never played."

"No matter. I'll soon teach you a game—it's very easy. Look here! I put one card here, and another there. You stake on that, I on this; whoever's number first turns up wins the stakes."

The shameless fellow wanted to teach me lansquenet—as if the acquirement of that game had not cost me two of my estates! Yet I had to allow him to teach me. I had a little silver and some coppers in my pocket—this I thought I might risk.

"What! do you want to play for coppers with me? Whom do you take me for, sir? Here is the bank."

He threw a whole pile of brand-new ducats on the table. I had a few gold pieces in a pocketbook; tremblingly I laid one on a card. The cards were shuffled, and I won. The robber paid me. At no price would I venture to take up my winnings. I left it as a fresh stake. I won again, and did the same thing. For the third, fourth, fifth and sixth times I won. Thick drops of perspiration covered my forehead. It is not exactly one of the pleasures of life to win money from a robber. The seventh time also the stakes were mine. I quivered like an aspen-leaf. Why had I not had this ill-timed luck at Presburg during the Diet? How ardently I prayed that Providence would relieve me of the money and allow the robber to win for once! Vain the wish!—for the eighth time also I was the winner. Now indeed I was a dead man,

"Old boy," said the robber, "you must be in love with the beautiful Countess, or you would not have such good luck at cards." The man still had the face to joke at my expense. My heart beat as if it would burst when he shuffled for the ninth time. "There it is, you've won again!" Fekete struck the table with his fist so that the gold jingled, and rose from his seat. "If you went on winning like this, old gentleman, I might in an hour lose all the money of the neighborhood," he cried, with a laugh, putting the remaining pieces of money in his pocket.

Tremblingly I ventured to offer him the sum which I had won. Proud as a hidalgo, he cast a glance of withering scorn at me.

"What do you take me for, sir? Put your money into your pocket or I will throw you and it out of the window."

Good God! what was I to do with this money, which had doubtless already been the cause of bloodshed, and would probably lead eventually to my own destruction?

In my trepidation I threw it, large sum as it was, to the gipsies. I regretted the act at once; it betrayed the fact that I was rich, and that money was no object to me. The gipsies overwhelmed me with thanks, and offered to play me anything I liked. I sent them to the Countess to be rid of them. Without much pressing the Countess, with the voice of a syren, set up one of her favorite Volkslieder. Forgetting in the perfection of the melody all the surrounding circumstances, I applauded as madly as if I were in my opera box at Pesth. The bandit captain applauded just as heartily and volunteered to sing himself. He favored us with one of those indigenous melodies which may be heard in every village at the corner of every street. The song ended, he turned to me:

"Now, old gentleman, it is your turn; we must have your song."

I was in a sad quandary. I sing!—under such circumstances, too!—I who, except the song "Fare the well, thou silent house!" had never been able to learn a tune in my whole life.

"I—I cannot sing—I can't sing at all!"

(The fiend of a woman who had got us into this fix always laughs immoderately when I absently begin to hum an operatic air. I have a high squeaking voice. A peacock is more melodious.)

The Countess begged me in French to sing something, as my refusal might be hurtful to all. That was all that was wanting—what was I to do? Convulsed with terror, my heart transfixed as it were with fear, I commenced, "Fare thee well, thou silent house!"

I sang in a soul-stirring, yet earsplitting fashing. Painfully enough I got half-way through my song; when in my third strophe, by an unlucky mischance, I made an agonizing shriek. The Countess could no longer contain herself, but burst into a hearty laugh. The bandits also began to laugh; and, lastly, I myself joined in the chorus, though I had little cause for merriment.

The dance was then renewed. The Countess was unwearying. They danced till dawn. Not till the sun's first rays began to peep through the windows did she interrupt the festivities and beg her partner, as it was high time, to have the horses put to.

"We shall now see their true aspect," thought I; "may God have mercy on our souls."

The robber went out, roused the coachman and the servants, had the horses harnessed and then announced that the carriage was ready for our departure.

"Of course they mean to murder us on our way," thought I.

I got inside the carriage with more alarm than I alighted. It seemed so suspicious to me that they did not demand my purse. The chief of the band at the same time mounted his horse and accompanied us to the high road; after directing us on our way, and expressing hopes that we should enjoy the ball, he took leave of us, and rode off to rejoin his companions.

I did not breathe freely until we reached Zeried. I then began to reproach the Countess with her very thoughtless conduct, and to remind her how great had been the danger to which she was exposed, from which my authority alone had rescued her. Who knows what might have happened to the Countess had I not been with her? The humiliation, too, of dancing the *csarda* with Betyars till daybreak!

She listened quietly to my reproaches; when I had finished, she said:

"Apropos of daybreak, dear Baron, are you not sleepy?"

"Not in the least," I answered, crossly.

"Then be so good as to sing me the song which you left unfinished."

You may imagine how quickly I became sleepy.

I had flattered myself that the Countess would fain purchase my silence with some of the sweetest marks of her favor. How mistaken I was! We reached Arad about 6 o'clock—half an hour later all the fashionable world were in possession of the details of the story. She even robbed me of this slight satisfaction.

She was the belle of the evening. She did not dance, however, and thus failed to follow up her latest triumph: yet she was queen of the ball. She pleaded weariness as her excuse. I can well believe she was weary after dancing eighteen *csardas* in one night, I had not danced at all, yet I was confoundedly tired.

I hastened to the card-room. "I am in luck to-day," I thought. They were playing lansquenet at one table. "Now I shall pluck you, my pigeons." Nicely I did pluck them—I lost all my money, and incurred a debt of a thousand gulden.

Six months after these events I read in one of our political organs the announcement that Fekete Jofzi, the celebrated robber chief, was lying in prison at Szegedin, condemned to death, and that he would be executed according to law in that town. I at once hastened to tell the news to our little Countess.

"What a pity!" she remarked, laying down the paper; "he was such a charming dancer!"

Paper may be stuck on wood by means of this solution; Gum arabic, half-ounce; powdered-gum tragacanth, half-ounce; water, one and one-half-ounces, and acetic acid, 20 drops. It will cause labels to adhere very firmly without staining them, unless the paper is of an unusually bad quality. A clear solution of gum arabic applied once or twice is all the varnish required in finishing for most purposes.

—A 10,000 spindle cotton mill, to employ 500 hands, is about being completed in Selma, Ala.

The American Soldier.

On entering the office and making his wishes known, says an intelligent United States soldier, the recruit is taken to a side room, stripped and examined by the doctor, after which an outfit of clothes, consisting of blouse, cap, drawers, stockings, shirt, shoes, pants, and blanket is issued to him. He signs a blank form for the clothes he has just drawn, his signature being witnessed by the officer. A note at the bottom of the form declares that all spaces not used to denote articles drawn shall have a red ink line drawn through them, to prevent any person having charge of the same from inserting other articles of clothing than those drawn after the blank has been signed. This filling is never done, and when the recruit reaches his company he is apt to find himself charged with clothes he never drew, and is truly fortunate if the company commander does not prefer charges against him for disposing of clothes he never had. As there are several grades of clothing he often gets the poorest and is charged for the best, while when any of the recruiting squad draw clothes they draw the best and pay for the poorest. After drawing his uniform he is informed that he must dispose of his citizen's clothing as he will not be allowed to keep it. The sergeant or one of his men accompanies him to a dealer in old clothes, who offers him one-twentieth what his suit is worth. He refuses to part with them at the price, but is told by the sergeant that he cannot be running around town with him as he has other duties to perform. Not wishing to make enemies at the start he takes what is offered, knowing he is imposed upon, and returns to the office. Had he kept his eyes open he might have seen the old clothes man place a bill in the sergeant's hand which would explain why he could get no more for his clothes.

When, at last, he is shipped with a number of others to the depot, he is again examined, and, having passed, is put out to drill. His drill master, nine times out of ten, is a Swede, German, or foreigner of some sort, whose slight fund of English is composed principally of oaths. Under such a teacher he does not progress very rapidly, for which failing he receives an ample share of abuse.

I neglected to tell about the cleaning kit sold to the recruits at the depot by the post sutler. It consists of one clothes brush, one blacking brush, hair brush, brass brush, two combs, one towel, one cake of soap, button stick and small paper of tripoli for cleaning buttons and a box of blacking. I did not ask the cost of these articles, but on reaching the company found $3 charged for sutler's kit. Now, omitting the brass brush, button stick and tripoli, I have seen the other articles sold in Chatham street for fifty cents and of a better quality. After the recruit has reached his company and learned his drill he is assigned for duty with his company and draws another outfit of clothes. As the price of these clothes is taken out of his pay he usually serves six months or more before he draws any money.

What's the Row?

A South Ferry 'bus swaying from side to side like a steam lighter in a cross sea, stopped for one breathless moment at Park place, New York, recently, and then lurched wildly forward. In that brief space of time a gentleman with an abnormal desire to keep in the current of what little air was stirring had ventured over the high front wheel, and hung suspended from the driver's seat, with his feet dangling in dangerous proximity to the horses' haunches. Half a block further on he succeeded, with perspiration-compelling effort, in drawing himself up to a place of safety beside the driver.

"What's the row?" he demanded, crossly. "Can't you wait till a man gets on your 'bus?"

The driver was too busy to reply. One of his hands held the reins, one hand wielded the whip with surprising energy, another hand collected fares, and still another seemed constantly beckoning for sweltering passengers on the pavement.

"What's the rush?" said the passenger, varying his question as he handed out his nickel.

"We're racin'!" barked the driver, in a voice strangely resembling the wheeze of a high pressure tug-boat with a heavy barge in tow.

"With whom?" asked the passenger, seeing nothing but a cheap cab and a dry goods truck near the 'bus.

"Back there," gasped the driver, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

Half a block down Broadway a Fulton ferry 'bus was swinging clear of a tangled mass of wagons and heading up a clear stretch of street.

"We've raced up and down Broadway, between Fulton street and Fourteenth street, every day for two weeks, and I've beat him every time. He's a fresh young man, he is, an' he's got a good team, but I haven't drove 'bus for twelve year to be laid out by a young cub from a street car line."

Then the old driver plied his whip and cursed roundly at a truck-driver who was blocking the way. There was a momentary pause, and when the street was clear again the white horses of the Fulton ferry 'bus were stretching their heads past the front of the South ferry 'bus. Then the race began in earnest. The driver of the grays shouted, shook his fists, and invited his rival to "catch on behind," but the old man confined his whole attention to the rare art of cutting the hair off his horses' ears with the cracker of his whip. Neck and neck the 'buses ran for a block. Then they plunged into a wedge of wagons—a slow-moving current of black, with white umbrellas showing above it, like upturned boats on a troubled sea.

"I've got 'im now," said the old driver, reining in his horses. "He can't drive in a crowd, you know. Street car drivers don't know how. There! See him!"

The grays became blocked behind a one-horse truck, and the young driver, with his hat and coat off, swore like a pirate.

"Swing that horse around and let me pass!" he howled.

The driver of the truck turned upon him a cold, calculating blue eye. "An' how would I swing him?" he sneered, with withering sarcasm. The Fulton ferry 'bus next became entagled with a hack, but the driver cursed himself loose. Then he charged up the street, scattering people right and left, and making a hot race for two blocks. At Fourth street he got hopelessly mixed up with a coal cart and a south bound 'bus of the Wall street line. When the South Ferry 'bus turned the angle at Grace Church he was hopelessly in the rear, and with a string of trucks and part of a funeral procession yet to overcome.

"Same way every day," said the old driver, as the passenger prepared to get down. "If the street was clear, he'd give me a hot race, but you see, he can't drive. It's a science, drivin' is."

Tricks of the Flower Boys.

"Buy a bokay, mister? All fresh flowers, ten cents each."

Any afternoon or evening, until nearly midnight, a little fellow with bright eyes, dirty face, and a basket of buttonhole bouquets on his arm, can be seen in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and Broadway, New York, accosting every passer by with the above invitation. He works with a will, and seems to enjoy it.

A few nights ago he saluted the reporter: "Won't you have one, sir? I've only a few left, and it's getting late. Buy one to help me out; they are nice and fresh."

"Isn't it pretty late to be out with bouquets?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, no, this is just the time to sell them. There is lots of fellows and their girls out now, and I catch nearly all of them. Hold on now, and see me do it. Here comes a dude and his girl now."

The couple referred to came up Twenty-second street, and turned up Broadway. They were just rounding the corner when the flower boy made his assault. He addressed himself to the young woman:

'Won't you have a bouquet, miss? They are all fresh and nice. Have a pretty one?"

"Get out of the way," growled the young man, and she looked wistfully at the basket.

"Oh, you oughtn't to have such a good-looking young lady if you cannot even buy her a ten-cent bouquet when she wants one," said the boy, with a tone of well-assumed disgust, and the young fellow cut short further comment on his generosity by reducing the number of bouquets in the basket by two.

"That's the way we catch them," said the little fellow, as the couple passed on. "I tell you I can fetch them 'most every time."

"Do you make much money on the bouquets?"

"Oh, that depends on how many we sell. I made a dollar and five cents today, and I've only been out since 1 o'clock this afternoon. Sometimes I make a good deal more."

"What is the most you ever made in a day?"

"Twenty-nine dollars, clear money. That was two years ago at the fair. I made $13 one day on an excursion up the river. You know I go out on the excursions all the time, and that's the best place to make money."

"Where do you get your flowers?"

"Buy them of the flower dealers, and make the bouquets myself. Pretty soon flowers will get cheap enough to sell the bouquets for five cents a piece, and then we will make more."

A Royal Matchmaker Outwitted.

Going one day from Potsdam to Berlin, Frederick saw coming towards him in the opposite direction a magnificent girl, young, handsome, and of good figure, superb in number of inches. He was at once struck with admiration for her; stopped to talk, and found that she was unmarried, and was on her way from Berlin to her Saxon home. "Then," said Frederick William, "you will be passing the gate of Potsdam, and will no doubt give this note to the commandant, receiving a dollar for your trouble." But women, even when tall, are not so easily outwitted as Kirklands, Josephs, and the like. The girl knew the King by sight and reputation, and knowing that to refuse the note would probably bring her a shower of blows from the rattan, accepted the commission. Arrived near the gate of Potsdam, she found there a little old wizened hag, to whom she entrusted the delivery of the letter, honestly handing over the dollar with it. Then forthwith she sped away towards home. The commandant opened the note, and found himself ordered to marry the bearer to a certain gigantic Irish grenadier named Macdoll (M'Dowall). He rubbed his eyes, but there could be no doubt about the clearness of the command. The grenadier was sent for, and then began a curious scene. The man was in absolute despair. Such a mate for one of his thews and sinews seemed a horrible mockery. The proposed wife, on the contrary, was quite ready to submit herself to the orders of the king. There was no escape; to refuse further would be flat mutiny, and the soldier was actually obliged to obey. The mistake was not discovered till the next morning, when Frederick, finding himself thwarted in his designs for the development of giants in Germany, consented to the divorce of the ill-matched couple.

Burgundian Tapestries.

The restoration of another of the famous Bergundian tapestries at Bern, part of the spoil taken by the Swiss at Grandson and Murten, has just been completed. The work was commenced some years ago by Fraulein Katharina Buhler, the sister of the heraldic artist. Experts say that no one else could have executed the task so skilfully and reverently. Without some sort of attention the tapestry must have fallen to pieces. One of its companions, the tent-carpet of Charles the Bold, was restored about five years ago. These works are judged to have been in part wrought at Arras, on the frontier of the industrial Flanders, and in part at Bruges. They are in wool, interwoven with gold and silver thread, and were made piecewise and afterward joined together. The subjects are partly religious, partly historical, and partly heraldic. One of them represents the legend of the "Heiligsprechung" of the Emperor Trajan.

—Silk is now grown in twenty of the United States.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., August 6, '84

Democratic Delegate Election and County Convention

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. Under the rules the election will open at 2 o'clock p. m. and close at 6 p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House, Bellefonte, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884, AT 2 A. M.,

to name one candidate for President Judge and one candidate for Congress, each of whom shall be subject to the decision of the conferences of their respective districts; to choose such conferees as may be deemed necessary, and to nominate one candidate for Associate Judge; two candidates for Assembly; one candidate for Sheriff; one candidate for Prothonotary; one candidate for Treasurer; one candidate for Register; one candidate for Recorder; two candidates for County Commissioners; two candidates for Auditor, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte, N W	2	Haines, W P	2
" S W	3	Halfmoon	1
" W W	1	Harris	3
Milesburg	1	Howard	1
Millheim	2	Huston	1
Unionville	1	Liberty	1
Howard, boro	1	Marion	2
Philipsburg, 1st W	1	Miles	5
" 2d W	2	Patton	1
" 3d W	1	Penn	3
Benner	3	Potter, N P	3
Burnside	1	" S P	4
Boggs	4	Rush	3
College	2	Snow Shoe	3
Curtin	1	Spring	4
Ferguson, O P	3	Taylor	1
" N P	1	Union	1
Gregg, S P	5	Walker	4
" N P	1	Worth	2
Haines, E P	1		

The rules governing the election of delegates as well as the names of those chosen to hold them will be published in the REPORTER prior to the election.

P. GRAY MEEK,
Chairman Dem. Co. Committee.

J. C. MEYER, Secretary.

MONOPOLIST BLAINE.

The Miserable Wages Paid to Men in His Employ.

The New York *World* publishes the following:

Fifteen years ago Henry Richards, a brass moulder, who was born and brought up in the Eleventh ward, left New York and went west. He made a circuit of the continent, and settled down in one of the most prominent manufacturing towns of Pennsylvania. He was with President Arthur when he went through the Yellowstone Park. He was the leading guide, he knew every portion of the park, and pointed out to the President and the members of his party all points of interest.

Mr. Richards arrived in this city some days ago. Within a few minutes of his arrival, he picked up a paper containing Mr. Blaine's letter. He read it through, and throwing down the paper said:

"He is a fine man to talk about protecting labor. He is the most oppressive employe of labor in this country. He claims he is an anti-monopolist. As a matter of fact he has been a monopolist all his life. Whenever opportunity offered he used his position and influence to crush labor and labor aspirations."

"I am a laboring man, as you see," said Mr. Richards, showing his hands, "and I know whereof I speak. I left this place almost 15 years ago, and I have been away since. I have been all through the country. My home is in a town in Pennsylvania. I have ample opportunity to ascertain the condition of laborers in the states in which I have lived during the past few years. In Pennsylvania and in parts of Virginia Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate for President, has a large interest in coal and iron mines and railroads that run through the country in which these mines are located. Steve Elkins, the manager of his campaign, is associated with him in nearly all his speculative enterprises. They run their properties on the principle, 'No Irishmen or intelligent mechanics need apply for employment.'"

"What do you mean by that?"

ALMOST SLAVES.

"Simply this. In the mines that Blaine and Elkins control, whether in Virginia or Pennsylvania, the laborers are almost slaves. An Irishman cannot get employment. A skilled mechanic will not be given work. There is a pronounced prejudice against the Irish, and I believe that prejudice comes from Blaine personally."

"What labor do they employ in their mines?" the reporter asked.

"They take Scandinavians and Italians, who work for 60 to 65 cents a day—hardly enough to keep body and soul together. He will employ anybody who will consent to work for 60 or 65 cents, which he has often said he regards as a fair renumeration for a day's work. We think otherwise, and on account of his tyrannical management of his properties and his pertinent refusal to employ Irishmen or other skilled laborers we are against him. He has brought into the country pauper labor from Norway and Sweeden and Italy, and active, skilled, native mechanics have no chance to compete. He trades on the idea that the Irish are poor and ignorant. But there is a great deal of intelligence even among Irish miners. It would astonish you to see the intelligence of some of the men who come out of the mines dusky and black. They are honest and they have no sympathy with Blaine, who wants to crush them and has made every possible effort to crush them in the mining districts in which he has an interest.

"I belong to the labor party. I propose to stand by the laborers, and while I am here I intend to tell the laborers that Blaine is no friend of theirs, and that he is not a friend of the Irish either. He does not believe in the Irish or any skilled workingmen. He wants Scandinavians or Italians or Chinamen who will work for sixty cents a day. How in God's name is a man to live on that? I know Blaine. I worked for him. I know what I was paid for my labor—a miserable pittance—and I propose to do all in my power to oppose Blaine. I am going to vote for Cleveland. He has proved himself a friend of the workingmen and he deserves their support."

BLAINE'S MONOPOLY.

Mr. Blaine has been connected with many monopolies in the course of his life. Some of his schemes have been successful, but several have not. He was interested in the Standard Coal and Iron Company of New York and Columbus, O. That company was organized with a view of controling the entire coal and iron production of the Hocking Valley "to crush out the small furnaces and manufacturers and place the miners and workingmen under the dictation of a gigantic monopoly."

HUMAN AND ANIMAL BONES.

It is remarkable how frequently the bones of horses, cows, dogs and sheep are mistaken for those of human beings.

In an antiquarian collection of relics obtained from a neighboring Roman castrum, I saw (says Dr. Alfred Taylor) the tibia of a dog carefully labelled and religiously preserved as the bones of an ancient Roman. The same collection contained fragments of bones of various animals—carnivorous and herbivorous—all marked as human relics. This collection belonged to an antiquary who preferred adopting his own view of the nature of the relics to taking the opinion of any one acquainted with anatomy. Even well-informed men may be easily mistaken on such subjects. Belaoni, the celebrated traveller, brought from Egypt, with his sarcophagi, a number of bones taken from the interior of the Pyramids, which he pronounced to be the bones of King Cephrenes, and of some of the sheperd kings. The late Mr. Clift, of the Royal College of Surgeons, by the request of a friend, went down to examine them after they had been submitted to public exhibition, and he found that they were nothing more than the bones of oxen.

The osseous relics of saints as they are collected and preserved in glass and crystal cases in Roman Catholic countries, often present anomalies which would surprise an anatomist. Supernumerary ribs and vertebræ are not uncommon, and intermixed with them I have seen bones which certainly never appertained to a human being.

These facts saw the importance of entrusting the examination of bones, in all judicial inquiries, to well-educated men. The lamentable effect of popular ignorance were displayed in a case that occurred at Damascus, in 1840, which, at the time, excited great public notice. A Roman Catholic priest and a boy suddenly disappeared in the early part of that year, and strong suspicion arose that they had been murdered. Certain Jews were charged with having murdered them. The sewer, in the quarter of the town in which they lived, was examined, and some bones were found. These were pronounced by the persons who discovered them to be human bones, and the discovery was considered sufficient to confirm the suspicion of murder which had arisen. Some persons who inspected the bones pronounced that they must have been lying in the sewer for a great length of time, and that they were those of an animal. A proposition was then made that the bones should by packed in a box, and forwarded to the Parisian Academy of Medicine for their decision. I believe it was subsequently proved that they were animal remains.

LUCKY PLANTS.

In some parts of the world, one kind of aster is in high repute as a sort of divining rod. A forked branch is cut off with various superstitious ceremonies, and the two twigs are taken in the hands and firmly held with the point in a horizontal position. The holder walks over the ground, and, according to the popular belief, when immediately over a spring, the point, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, will turn directly downward, thus indicating the presence of water. In other regions the hazel is used for this same purpose and is supposed also to indicate, in mineral countries, the presence of veins of silver or gold. Both hazel and aster are believed, in some mountain districts of Germany, to be powerful in protecting men from lightning, and sprigs of these plants are often seen hung over a door to preserve the house from thunderbolts. The ancients used the laurel for the same purpose, and Augustus is said to have put on a laural crown whenever a thunder-storm came up. The lily, in some Catholic countries, is considered a lucky flower, it being the emblem of the Virgin Mary, who cared for it and all who loved it, while the marigold is also lucky, for it is likewise consecrated to her. The bleeding heart sprang from a drop of blood wrung from her by the agony of witnessing the death of her son, and is therefore also considered a very lucky flower. In England, the mistletoe has been reverenced from the days of the Druids, but is now considered as lucky for lovers, the kissing at Christmas times being done under its branches, when suspended in the hall. St. John's wort is luck if it be gathered before dawn on St. John's Day; at any other time it has no power to command good fortune. The poppy and tuberose are lucky for the living, because they are loved by the dead, but oddly enough, the immortelle is unlucky for the same reason, the difference being caused by some legend or superstition which has been forgotten. There is a French superstition that the spirits of the dead revisit their graves and are pleased to see them crowned with immortelles, and these and the myrtle, which is lucky because sacred to love, are more frequently seen on graves in France than any other plants or flowers.

How much of your patience, our humility, our charity, our faith in God and his kind, loving providence—in short, how much of what is best and sweetest in our characters—blossom out of the bitter experience of our own weakness and short-sightedness!

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

EATING TOADS, TURTLES AND CHICKENS WHICH HAD DIED FROM DISEASES.

Flemington, N. J., July 29.—The filthy habits of a gang of Italian laborers on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, who are bivouacking here have caused the inhabitants to live in dread of an outbreak of cholera. The Italians eat the common toads and land turtles, which they seem to regard as delicious. A few days ago a cargo of sheep arrived. Five which had died en route, when thrown away were secured by the Italians and served up as a stew. All the chickens dying from cholera are gathered up eagerly and eaten by the workmen, who have a great liking to young meat and frequently steal calves and lambs but a few days old. The citizens have resolved to band together and drive the pest breeders from the place. Contractor McGee, of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, failed to pay his workmen. He completed the work a few days ago and after receiving the money from the company he disappeared. The laborers became desperate and threatened the property of the road. McGee owes everybody for lumber and material, and his creditors are on his track.

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary they prove of special service to those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons as medicines, and feel their injurious effects. In such cases Ayer's Pills are invaluable.

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Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

The colored voter and the watermelon are now badly mixed.—Houston (Texas) Post.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884.

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 39 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 52 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 — p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with R. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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It holds the first as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it, and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh,

CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"H. Milo, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

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LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.55	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.06ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
	A.M.				P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.50
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.12
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.12
	A.M.				
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55		10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10		ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the World for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always ?
And they tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops ! !"

Chapter I.

Ask any or all of your most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu ! !"
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you :
"Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! ! "
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Chapter II.

"Patients
Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, of liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy ! !
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excrutiating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,
Erysipelas !
"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.
None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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The 25 premiums will be awarded December 22, 1884. 1st Premium goes to the person from whom we receive the largest number of our empty tobacco bags *prior to Dec.* 15. 2d will be given for the next largest number and thus, in the order of the number of empty bags received from each, to the twenty-five successful contestants. Each bag must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue stamp, and Caution Notice. Bags must be done up securely in a package, with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained, plainly marked on the outside, and must be sent, charges prepaid, to **Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.**, DURHAM, N C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull.
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Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

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to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache**; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

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Scientific

The latest definition of life, as promulgated by the Haeckelists in *Science*, is the "concurrent, metabolic synthesis and dialysis of a complex hydrocarbonous molecule, whereby carbon is constantly converted by oxidation." Is it worth living now?

Magitot, of Paris, who has long been engaged in differentiating between tic doulaureux and dental neuralgia, has come to the conclusion that there is no definable specific difference between the two complaints, save that, in the former, the cause cannot generally be ascertained with accuracy.

Cremation of the dead has received the approval of the Municipal Council of Lisbon, Portugal, a resolution having been passed by that body rendering cremation compulsory in times of epidemic, and prescribing that once in every five years the remains of interred bodies shall be burned.

The popularity of carbolic acid as a disinfecting agent is rapidly subsiding, and solution of corrosive sublimate is now substituted for it in many of our large hospitals. How carbolic acid disinfects has always been a question with men of science; but its virtue in that capacity has until recently been generally admitted.

The use of the hypodermic needle, instead of the lancet, in the process of inoculation, has been discussed by the Academy of Medicine of France, with conclusions favorable to the former, on behalf of which it is urged that a perfect pustule is obtained without general eruption, while a comparatively minute quantity of the matter produces the desired result.

Among the new applications of cotton is its use, in part, in the construction of houses, the material employed for the purpose being the refuse, which, when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and this is formed into large slabs or bricks, which acquire, it is said, the hardness of stone, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

Herr E. Landrin in a paper on the theory of cement hardening calls the silica which has been precipitated from a silicate by an acid and ignited at a red heat "hydraulic silica." It is this which effect the hardening of hydraulic mortars. He disputes the hypothesis of Le Chatelier that the hardening of cement depends, as in the case of gypsum, on supersaturation phenomena.

Prof. Julius Von Haast holds that, although, as far as geological and other researches have yet gone, the autochthones of New-Zealand cannot boast of great antiquity when compared with the inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere or of the tropical regions, there is, nevertheless, strong reason to believe that New Zealand has been inhabited for a much longer time than was formerly generally assumed.

Dr. Brown-Sequard believes that the conversion of venous blood into arterial, accompanied by alteration of color and plentiful admixture of oxygen, which takes place in shock, is due to a nervous inhibition of the circulation of gases and their passage from tissue to tissue. Possibly the habit of blushing at every slight surprise, common to many people, may find its explanation in the same fact.

M. Gayon has obtained illuminating gas from stable-yard manure kept in close receptacles. One cubic metre of fresh horse-droppings yielded about 3.53 cubic feet of carbureted hydrogen in 24 hours. M. Pasteur thinks that after supplying a useful lighting and heating gas the manure remaining, not having been deprived of ammonia by the process, might still be serviceable as a fertilizer.

It has been discovered by experiments with dogs placed under the influence of morphia even to coma, that the hypodermic injection of solution of theine, the active principle of tea, is an almost instantaneous antidote, neutralizing the effect of the narcotic, and reviving the animal, after the action of the heart has become imperceptible. Caffeine possesses similar properties, but is less immediate in its operation.

Anthrax of man, wherever it occurs, is a very fatal malady. Dr. J. Poland has prepared microscopic specimens of the peculiar bacillus which produces it. The spores of the disease are no doubt conveyed frequently in the skins and hides of animals which have been tainted with the distemper, and persons handling such infected dry hides become affected with the virus, the germs developing in the usual manner of the low organisms.

Recent investigations have shown that the tendency to the deposition of adipose in persons in fair health is constantly associated with a perversion of the digestive function, in the operation of which the conversion of the carbohydrates of food is accelerated, while the assimilation of albuminoids is prevented or retarded. This tendency, combined with imperfect oxidation, unless arrested at an early stage, becomes a fixed habit of the system, and lays the foundation for the muscular feebleness so common with corpulent persons.

The large lum ber mill of Brew and Co.' at Snow Shoe, was destroyed by fire on 30 ult. Loss, $4,000; insurance, $5,000.

CARRIAGE-RUNNERS.

The Japanese hack resembles a large, two-wheeled baby-carriage drawn by a man. It is called *jin-ri-ki-sha*, Chinese for "man-power-carriage, or *Kuruma*, Japanese for wheel or vehicle. It was invented but a few years ago, and already there are nearly twenty-five thousand in one city. Men make so much more by drawing them than by any other kind of labor that thousands of young men flock to the towns to let themselves out as draught-animals. Over level ground a good runner can trot forty miles a day, at the rate of about four miles an hour. The average duration of a runner's life is only five years, as he is liable to lung or heart disease. Formerly the runners went almost naked. But European ideas have influenced the goverment to decree that they shall wear clothes, under penalty of severe punishment if found unclothed. But when away from cities and towns, the runners return to nature's costume. A lady, while being drawn in a jin-ri-ki-sha through the interior, met a policeman. So soon as her runner saw the officer, he fell down on his face, so suddenly as nearly to throw her out, and began wiggling into a garment which he had carried on the cross-bar. The young men drawing the two carriages behind crouched behind her vehicle, and tried to get into their clothes. Her man groveled in the dust, and, every time the policeman spoke, raised his head a little, to bow it more deeply. He knew that he was liable to be punished for not having his clothes on, and this was his method of supplicating mercy. The lady's intercession, and her plea that the day was so very hot, propitiated the policeman. As soon as a turn of the road took the policeman out of sight, the two young men, throwing their clothes into the air, gamboled into the shafts, and shrieked with laughter. The old runner, however, did not recover his spirits not take off his clothes. He felt that he had a narrow escape from the clutches of th law.

THE HOUSE-MARTIN.

The most extraordinary characteristic of the house-martin is the determined propensity it has for domestic life and the rearing of large families. It is now a well-ascertained fact that martins will go on laying and hatching eggs long after there is any reasonable chance of their bringing the young to maturity. When the proper time for migrating comes and the leaders of the march are marshaling their armies for the journey southward, many of the parents are still busy with the cares of their half-grown families. Until the very latest day allowed to them they continue their laborious but pleasant task, and in a great number of instances have to go off, leaving the luckless youngsters to die of starvation in their nests. Indeed sometimes the marching order is given while the mother-bird is sitting, and unhatched eggs have been found so deserted under the eaves. Perhaps the most amazing anecdote related in connection with this habit is that for which Mr. Blanchard is responsible. He declares that in 1821 a pair of martins, taking possession of an old nest—probably the same which they had occupied the Summer before—found in it the dried bodies of some youngsters that had been left in it. They endeavored to lift out the corpses; but, all their efforts were in vain, they then carefully walled up the aperture with clay, converting what had been a nest into a veritable mausoleum.

A NOVEL CRECHE.

At a large clothing factory in Staffordshire the operatives, some 700 in number, are provided with dinner, tea, and club rooms, a kitchen, a savings bank, and a surgery. A *creche*, or nursery department, has also been established. The *creche* consists of two apartments, one for a play-room, the other a cot-room, the latter being fitted with cradles, which are gently rocked by steam machinery. This, perhaps, is a use of steam never before contemplated in this country, but it is one that answers remarkably well. The mothers are charged one shilling a week for each baby left in the *creche*, and and a matron has charge of the department and attends to the little ones during the day. The mothers are allowed to visit the *creche* for ten minutes in the middle of the morning and of the afternoon. The owner of the establishment has also provided perambulators, which he hires out to the mothers at a moderate rate, to prevent the arm-aching and tiring business of carrying the babies to and from the mill.

JUST IN TIME.

John Russell (colored) was engaged in plowing near Fredericksburg, Va., and had set fire to the stubble so it would burn off. While the fire was burning near the bank of Hazel run, he says, it occurred to him that he ought to unhitch his horse and shelter himself behind a tree near by from some danger, he knew not of at the time. This thought so impressed itself upon him that he did unhitch and took a stand near the tree. He had been there but a few minutes when a loud explosion took place, followed by another and another in rapid succession, until the eleventh one had taken place. John says he was terribly frightened, and for some time pieces of shells and balls, etc., fell all around him. It is supposed that a pile of shells was left there during the war and had never been found, and when the fire reached them they were all exploded.

The public awaits with deep interest the first epistle of St. John to the Prohibitionists.—Utica Observer.

A lady writes: I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weaknesses and irregularities, I consider it without an equal.

Delphi, Ind., July 28.—A fifteen year old son of Wm. Shaffer was found hanging in his father's barn to-day. The theory is that he was trying to perform some sort of trapeze act which he had recently witnessed at a circus and made a fatal error.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.
If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,
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HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at COBURN, PENN'A,
FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR
WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,
RYE, RYE, RYE,
BARLEY and CORN, &c.
COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER For Sale
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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF
Boots, Shoes and Slippers,
OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE
Largest, Best and Cheapest
EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.
JOHN MULLEN,
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THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.
PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
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IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2
PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.
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KIDNEY-WORT

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Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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OUR LEADER.
We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¾-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swaqys, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

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WHY LITTLE BOY?

Why little boy, why do you laugh?
As if a bubbling spring
Leaping in joy along the path
Within you fain would sing!

Your lips the laughing water sipt
And parted in a smile;
The rippled sunlight upward slipt
And lit your eyes the while.

Too swiftly sped the glowing ray;
In pain each dainty sphere
Closed light its lids upon the day,
And 'neath them stole a tear.

And this is why you laugh and cry;
Your spring we all have tried,—
A smile and tear, a kiss and sigh—
How little else beside!

JEALOUS.

"Why what is that?" asked Caleb May as a man rattled up to the door of John Hutter's farm house, and dumped something heavy on the porch. 'Going to have company, Jennie?"

Jennie Hutter shook her head.

"No," said she; "father has taken it into his head to have boarders, that's all. 'Some old gentleman who is going to write a book and wants quiet, I believe. What a bother."

Caleb laughed. "He'll not bother you much," he said. "You are not interested in the crockery, nor do you sweep or make beds. The rose on the branch by the window will be troubled as much by his coming as you."

Jennie pouted. "How idle you fancy me," she said. "I sew perpetually, and I made a custard yesterday. Mother won't let me do housework, and old Nancy always says—'Go away and don't bother me, child, when I try to help. I——"

"There," said Caleb, "don't make excuses. I'd as soon expect a humming-bird to turn kitchen-drudge as you; and you are to belong to me some day, and I shall lay you up in cotton as you lay your pins and earrings and like to see your little hands snow-white as they are now, if you are a farmer's wife."

Jennie looked down and blushed.

She had been betrothed to Caleb for two years, but she had not quite grown used to talking of it.

"Everyone tries to spoil me," she said, "You will work, Caleb; why not I?"

Caleb lifted her upon his knee as though she had been a child. "Jennie," he said, "this is why," and he put her little hand upon his great brown palm. See the differenee between us. I was made to work. A great, broad shouldered six-footer with the sinews of a giant, and a constitution of a horse, and you look as if a breath would kill you—a fairy, just a little taller than those we used to read of in the gilt-covered picture-books years ago.

"When I first grew up and took notice of farmers' wives, I made one observation.

"As a general thing they're worked harder than the men.

"I've seen fellows with acres upon acres, and a fortune put away in the bank, whose wives did all the cooking, and ironing for a dozen hands besides their own children, women with babies crying after them and keeping them up all night, and maybe a snip of a girl half the time to help. "Yes, my dear, and if in all these hard lives a thing was done wrong or forgotten, those men would talk of idleness, and scold and growl, and worry as if they had servants instead of only the delicate mothers of their little children to do their bidding, and then I've said this, Jennie—'When I'm married I'll have a helpmate and a friend, a thing to love and cherish, not a slave.

"I know you are willing to help me, and you shall in fifty ways, but not, if I'm as I hope to be, a well-to-do man, as a drudge, darling." Jennie nestled her head upon his shoulder and said nothing, though she thought—"How good and tender he is, and how happy I am." And what more he intended to say, no one will ever know, for just at that moment a voice close to their ears said—"Is this Mr. Hutter's?"

And Jennie flew from Caleb May's knee and began to crochet violently, her cheek as red the Berlin wool she was knitting, while Caleb seized upon a volume of poetry which adorned the table and began to regard it intently, utterly ignorant of the fact that he was holding it upside down.

"This is Mr. Hutter's?" asked the voice again.

And Jennie, becoming aware that it was her duty to speak, replied—"Yes, sir; walk in and I'll call my father."

Thereupon the gentleman entered.

"Don't disturb your father if he is busy," he said.

"My name is Jordan. I—I believe my trunk arrived an hour ago."

"Yes sir." And Caleb lifted his eyes to see the "old gentleman who wanted to be quiet."

He saw a man of forty, very bald, but by no means elderly or plain-looking. A very handsome man in fact, with an air distingue, which Caleb, plain and homely as he was, understood at a glance, and eyes brown, long-lashed, and bright, which followed Jennie's retreating figure admiringly.

"I suppose he wants a beauty for his book," thought Caleb. "Well, he's welcome, and if he'll put her in as good and handsome as she is, I'll buy two copies." Then Caleb looked at his big silver watch, remembered that the man whom he was to see about the two calves which were to be sold would be waiting, and walked away homeward. And why, thinking it over, he should be sorry that the new boarder was a handsome middle-aged man instead of the old book-worm he had expected, Caleb could not tell. "What is that man to me?" he said again and again.

"I'm an idiot, and I'd trust Jennie with the handsomest young fellow under the sun, I'm certain."

Sunday was Caleb's visiting night. The evening when, after the old-fashioned country custom, the family absented themselves from the parlor, and left the courting couple alone. On other days Caleb might drop in, but he was not expected or prepared for. On Sunday, therefore, Caleb went over to the Hutters'. Tea was over and Jennie was in the parlor, so were the old folks, so was Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan was very sociable, and talked a great deal.

Eight o'clock came and he did not stir, still he sat and talked.

The old folks looked at each other.

"I'm afeard we are keepin' Mr. Jordan up," said the old lady.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Jordan," said the old gentleman.

"Not at all," said Mr. Jordan. "On these lovely moonlight nights late hours suit me best." And he leaned back in his chair, as though he never intended to retire at all.

The conversation flagged. All the better for Mr. Jordan. He told them about his travels, and he liked good listeners.

Ten struck. The old folks arose.

"If you will excuse us," they said, politely, "we'll retire."

Mr. Jordan excused them, and remained talking still. The fact was that in society to which he was accustomed no young lady would have remained up alone to entertain a gentleman and it never entered his mind that while Caleb remained, he was de trop. Caleb imagined the gentleman was trying to set him out and grew indignant.

He folded his arms and scowled.

Mr. Jordan hoped smoke was not disagreeable to Miss Hutter, and lit a cigar.

Finally Caleb, in a rage, hearing the clock strike twelve, took his hat and departed, and Jennie ran upstairs to cry, for Caleb had not kissed her at parting. Caleb himself was jealous and wrathful, and as time wore on, nothing happened to change his mind. The same thing was repeated evening after evening, and Jennie was not angry as she should have been. Indeed Caleb was fast becoming possessed of the idea that she liked Mr. Jordan better than she ever liked him.

"The impertinent rascal, he must know that she's engaged to me," said Caleb. "I'll show him what I think of him." And accordingly he did his best to be rude to Mr. Jordan, and to show him that he was not welcome in the little parlor. Mr. Jordan only fancied his manners uncouth and his temper bad, and devoted himself to Jennie, who tried to make amends for her lover's ill-behaviour by great politeness, and who was terribly troubled, poor little soul, by Caleb's disagreeable manners. Had she known the whole truth, she might have been yet more troubled. Caleb's greatest fault was jealousy, and now that passion was boiling in his heart, and maddening him until the good-humored, well-intentioned young farmer was a revengeful, dark-browed, dangerous sort of fellow, with all sorts of wicked thoughts and feelings. He hated the handsome man who was striving to win Jennie from him, and he was angry at Jennie, who seemed to encourage him.

At last, one Sunday, he did not go to the Hutters.' "Better not go than suffer as he did," he said. And neither did he attend as usual to his farm, but spent his time wandering about the woods with gun and game bag, by way of excuse for idleness. For a whole week he slept on the grass, and bought his meals at wayside taverns, or sometimes shot a rabbit or a hare and broiled it over a gipsy fire for his dinner.

There must be something done. He must have it out with Jennie, and give her back her letters, and that golden lock of hair that lay against his breast—but not yet, not yet. So he wandered about the woods like a mad man, and he was mad for a time to all intents and purposes.

The Sabbath evening came again, and he sat under a great elm, with his gun by his side and his head bowed on his hands. It was quite dark, and no one could have seen him in the shadow. Neither did he see the two people who walked slowly past, but he heard their voices. John Doolittle and Duckworth, old residents of the neighborhood.

"What's come of Caleb May?" asked one.

"Dunno," said the other. "He ought to hurry back; the London feller'll have his gal if he don't."

"Have her any way." said the first. "Mark my words, she's jilted poor Caleb. "I see her and t'other sitting in the park like turtle doves as I went past, and he's as rich as a Jew, they say."

"That's enough for any woman," said the second. And the two trotted off.

Caleb listened until they were gone, and then started up. The image presented by the words, "like two turtle doves," lashed him to such a fury as he had never felt before. "I'll kill him," he muttered. "I'll kill him, by Heaven I will." And he examined his gun as he spoke, with a terrible gleam in his dark eye and throwing it over his shoulder, hurried away towards Hutter's farmhouse.

It was a very dark night, moonless and cloudy. Far away he could see the gleam of candlelight from the small parlor, and two dark figures with their backs to the window. He knew them in a moment. Mr. Jordan and Jennie Hutter. "Together, together!" he whispered between his teeth, and strode on, crushing the green grass beneath his feet. At last only the branches of a tall lilac intervened between himself and the pair. He stood behind it, and looked at his gun again. He listened,

"I have something to say to you, Jennie," said Mr. Jordan's voice. Caleb took aim, deadly aim, at the broad back of the speaker, and stood still again.

I'll hear what it is and then kill him," he muttered. "Yes, I'll hear it all. Then he shall drop at her feet just as she has given her false heart into his keeping, dead, and then I will end my wicked life, and the man who loves her and the man she loves shall die together." His finger was on the trigger, and he stood like a statue of vengeance waiting for the words whose import he well knew.

"You must know I love you," said Mr. Jordan. "You must be used to love and admiration. "But perhaps you cannot guess how much. "It is better than my life. Jennie I adore you."

Caleb drew one step nearer, his teeth set, his eyes sparkling. Jennie said nothing.

Mr. Jordan went on—"Will, you be my wife, Jennie? I am older than you, but I will be very kind to you. "Could you like me enough for that, my dear? "You will never repent it. I am rich, and my wealth would be lavished upon you."

The muzzle of the gun rested on the window-sill, now, and Caled May's breath almost brushed the thin, dark curls of Jennie's wooer.

"How will she say it?" thought Caleb.

In a moment more Jennie spoke. "I am so sorry," she said. "I did not think—it never entered my mind that you liked me so. Your ways are so different from ours, and—and—you are so much richer and older."

"But does that make any difference?" asked Mr. Jordan. "I don't know. If it was anyone else, I should say the same. I cannot say yes, Mr. Jordan."

Caleb heard the words and his gun dropped lower.

"Why not? Am I too old?" asked the wooer.

"I'll tell you the simple truth," said Jennie. "I am engaged, Mr. Jordan—I have been engaged two years to Caleb May."

"But you don't love the sulky brute," cried Mr. Jordan; "that can't be, Jennie."

"I love him better than anyone in the world," said Jennie; "and if the richest, handsomest and best man on earth were to speak as you have spoken to-night, and if he were poorer than a beggar, and were to lose all the fine, manly looks I like so, I should choose him before the other."

"You must, indeed, if you feel thus," said Mr. Jordan. And without another word, he walked out of the room.

Caleb dropped his loaded gun on the grass and walked in.

"Where have you been, Caleb?" she said; "and what have you been doing?

And he answered—

"Jennie, I've been in the woods, hunting rabbits, and as to what I've been doing, why, I've been cherishing wicked, angry, jealous thoughts, that I ought to be ashamed of. "I've been bad at heart, as could be; but it's all over now, Jennie, and I'll never be jealous of you any more—never, my darling."

And Caleb never was. The remembrance of that evening remained with him, though he could not bring himself to shock Jennie by telling her the whole truth.

A Clever Game.

"Its a slick scheme, Bill, and will work eight times out of ten."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. I tried it on six different parties in Pittsburg, and it worked every time. You've only got to have the pawnbroker's in with you."

Such was the bit of conversation a reporter overheard while sitting at a table in a summer garden the other night. The two men who did the talking were sitting at an adjoining table with their heads rather close together, but grew so earnest in their conversation that inadvertently they spoke louder than they intended. "Come on," said the first speaker, "and see." The two got up from the table and moved over to the bar, where they stood for some time in the midst of a little knot, drinking and talking. They were both well dressed in the height of fashion, and their whole demeanor showed them to be gentlemen of the sporting fraternity. In a short while the two appeared to be talking rather earnestly to two other young fellows who were apparently slightly under the influence of liquor, one of the sporting gentlemen had his watch in his hand, and there was an excited discussion about something. Money was drawn and deposited in the hands of one of the young gentlemen, and the four left the garden together. The reporter, thinking something was in the wind, got up hurriedly and followed them. He saw them disappear around the corner and enter a pawnbroker's shop. Taking up a position on the other side of the street, he saw the four standing at the counter talking with a little fellow, who seemed to be examining the watch carefully. he said something, the sporting men smiled, the young man who had been stakeholder passed over the money, and the four came out into the street and entered a neighboring saloon. Soon the two sporting men emerged alone and hurried off down the street. The reporter crossed, entered the saloon and found the two young men talking with the barkeeper.

"I believe it was a put up job," said one.

"How did you say it occurred?" asked the barkeeper.

"Why, we were taking a drink together, when those two fellows came up and somehow got into conversation with us. We had several drinks together, when one of them said he and his friend were going to tackle a game of poker, but hadn't quite enough stuff. He then pulled out an old nickel-plated watch and said he thought he would go and put it up for $15. He hated these d—n pawnbrokers, and asked me if I would not lend him $15 on it until tomorrow. I told him the watch was not worth more than $5. He laughed at this and said I evidently knew nothing about watches. I took it and examined it, works and all. It was a watch that could be bought for $7 or $8, and I told him so. He offered to bet $15 he could get $25 on it from any pawnbroker. I took him up, and we put the $30 in my friend's hands. We then went into this shop two doors below here, and he tossed the watch on the counter. The little fellow behind it asked how much he wanted on it.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said in an off-handed way. The pawnbroker pitched it down and shook his head.

"But just look at those works," said he in the same tone.

The pawnbroker picked it up, took it to the light, and examined the works with a glass. Then he came back and said he would let him have $20 on it.

"No, sir. I want $25," said the other, "or nothing."

"Well, I will let you have it, but I could not lend a cent more."

He thereupon made out a ticket, passed him $25, and then he claimed the bet. Of course it was given to him, and we came in here to take a drink."

The barkeeper smiled. the reporter stepped to the front and told what he had heard in the garden, and the two men, merely saying "thanks," left the saloon and hurried off in the direction the two sharpers had taken.

Buried Alive.

Of all the horrible and appalling calamities that can befall mortal man, one can imagine none more ghastly than that of being buried alive. The case of the lady whose ring, cut from her finger by midnight violations of her tomb, was the means of saving her from a dreadful fate, has been often told. The vault at midnight—the cutting off of the finger—the ghastly terror of the ruffians when the dead woman sat up in her coffin and blood began to flow—the familiar knock coming to the house door in the dead of night, heard by terrified maids, who thinking their mistress' ghost was there buried their faces trembling, in their pillows. The bereaved husband lying sleepless in his grief, heard it too, and started at the sound. "If my dear wife were not gone," he thought, "I should say that was her knock," and when more faintly, it again smote his ear, rising at last and going to the door, he was convinced by the resuscitated woman. All this was listened to with an interest intensified by the fact of its being true.

A curious coincidence respecting this event is that an exactly similar story is recorded in the annals of the family of the Earls of Mount Edgecombe. The mother of Richard Edgecombe, being at the same time young and childless, died, apparently. She was buried with a valuable ring on her finger, and the cutting this off by violators of the tomb restored her to consciousness. Five years afterward she gave birth to a son. In the year 1838 a remarkable instance of burying alive occurred at Cambray, in France. M. Marbois had lived in harmony with his family, until the subject of a marriage his eldest son wished to contract became the cause of a quarrel, and brought on fierce disputes between him and his children. Marbois was a man of violent passions; opposition made him frantic, and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips than his whole frame collapsed, his face grew vivid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in, but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced—the cause, a stoppage of the heart's action, produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th of January, and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficiently softened, and men were set to work to raise the body and finish the grave. On lifting the coffin, they fancied they heard a sigh, and on listening attentively, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation and respiration were going on to a certain extent, the men hurried off with the body to the house of the parish doctor, by whose efforts Marbois was at last restored to consciousness. The distinguished physician, Sir Henry Marsh, used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Col. H——, struck down suddenly by appoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied, and at the end of a few days, to all appearance, breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial, florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend and ofttimes boon companion of the deceased. A bottle of port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin.

"Ah, my poor friend," he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off, "this was his favorite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory," he cried, and another and another followed, until the wine, rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick.

"Why should you not pledge me now for the last time?" exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the colonel's throat! Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse. The jovial doctor sobered in a moment, staggered back. "Can a dead man drink?" he cried. "Give him more—more!" exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge, so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon the heart.

Meanwhile the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside, carriages arriving; while within, all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro, fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctor's commands, the latter applying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralyzed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups. Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the grave clothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfil their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning.

Colonel H—— was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five and twenty years had passed away after that memorable morning, were his friends summoned—this time to pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related apropos of burying alive the following experience: "On our passage home," he said, "we had in the transport, beside our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last, he was stripped, a twenty pound shot tied to his heel, and his body thrust through a port-hole into the sea. John Bull's prejudice rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Union-jack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him through the port-hole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail in the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through, and, in so doing, the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to this, and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptons. "The man's alive!" flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water, it was caught and brought up on deck. The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport ship when we landed."

Rochefort at Home and at Work.

He owns a pretty little home in the Cite Malesherbes, which is connected by telephone with the office of his newspaper in the Rue du Croissant. Since he has given over his passions for betting at the various race courses around Paris, owing to the sweeping stakes he lost on them nearly two years ago, Rochefort has become a perfect connoisseur of art-treasures, and his maisonette may be aptly called a veritable museum in itself. Several original paintings of the Italian masters—some purchased at fabulous prices, others presented by admirers to the great pamphleteer—deck the walls of his salon; while here, there and everywhere the visitor's eyes fall on tiny bronze statues, or marble pieces of workmanship, and tiny busts ranged in order and with taste and elegance.

When Rochefort rises in the forenoon his first occupation is generally to scan the morning newspapers "to see," as he himself once put it, "how the stupid world has wagged since he had last the honor of leaving it." He then takes a hurried repast and drives in the Bois de Boulogne, or strolls through the couloirs of the chamber of deputies to hear the gossip and discuss, as best he can, the political situation. He returns home towards 7 o'clock and in the company of a few friends, he dines and chats till 9, when he leaves them and goes up to his library, where he sits down to write the daily leading article which will appear in the morrow's Intransigeant. Rochefort's head is full of the subject-matter of his contribution before he abandons his guests at all. He dashes it off with all the fiery ardor which is his invariable characteristic when a pen is in his hand and an inkstand and a few sheets of paper are by his side.

In less than an hour he brings his manuscript down to the salon and rings for one of his servants, who carries it in hot haste to the office of The Intransigeant, where it is "set up" as soon as possible, and where, an hour or two subsequently, its proof sheets are revised by the author himself. Next morning the elite as well as the working classes of the capital read with gusto the burning satire, the brilliant epigrams, the pungent wit and the exquisitely poised paragraphs of the famous journalist on the current topics of the day. His immense power and prestige as a pressman have been long appreciated and acknowledged. Napoleon III owed his fall more to the pen-thrusts of The Lantern than to the defeat at Sedan. Gambetta himself broke down and became unpopular under the fiery attacks and grim irony of the man.

It's My Wife.

The other night a laboring man named O'Harris was drinking beer and playing cards in a Green River avenue saloon, Detroit, when somebody asked him what sort of a wife he had.

"The humblest, docilest little woman in all the world," he replied.

"Doesn't she ever say anything about your spending your evenings away from home?"

"Never a word."

"And has she no objection to your spending half your wages in beer and cards?"

"If she has she doesn't state 'em".

"But won't she turn on you some day? You know that even a worm will turn."

"Faith and she will that. I've been going on in this way for the last fourteen years, and for the last two I've been looking for a climax. A wife suffers for about so long and then she turns on you."

Not more than five minutes had passed, and the men were busy with their cards, when a woman opened the door and slipped in. She stood for a moment to get the range, and then made a beeline for the laborer. Off went his hat, the hair flew in showers, and over went the table with its glasses and cards. Five or six badly frightened men rushed out doors in a body, the last one helped along by a push from a chair, and as the laborer took the middle of the street and gathered himself together for some tall ruuuing he cried out with a lump in his throat:

"It's my wife, and she's turned at last. I'd like to see the worm which would upset seven men and a saloon in the elegant manner just witnessed inside."

Scandal will rub out like dirt when it is dry.

Amateur Doctors.

Amateur doctoring is exceedingly common. Great as is the number of ailments which every year are professionally treated at the institutions for which special appeals are to be made all over London soon, it may be doubted whether the cases in which amateurs every year try their hand at setting right the rickety human machine are not vastly more numerous. Such efforts are especially common in the lower middle-class. The wealthier and more intelligent are of course chary of everything but the best professional advice in matters of health, and the poor are wonderfully ready to run to the hospital and dispensary. It is not that they are averse to amateur treatment—far from it. The well-known story of the cabman who nearly killed himself by swallowing some sort of black draught which had been left in his vehicle, and which he thought might do him as much good as the "party it was meant for," is by no means an exaggerated illustration of the ludicrous readiness with which the more ignorant of the population will take anything in the nature of physic if they are in the slightest degree indisposed. To go to the chemist for medicine. however, is an expensive proceeding for them, and when they need doctoring, therefore, they do not often doctor themselves, but they go to the hospital. People a little above them in their station of life are able to buy their own medicines, and find it cheaper to do so than to waste their time at the hospital, or to go to the private practitioner; and if constant practice in drugging and dosing would make physicians, probably a good half of the population might be entitled to the "M. D." If this should appear to be a somewhat exaggerated view to take let one indisputable fact be pondered over. Last year the duty paid in this country on patent medicines amounted to £150,000. If we reckon the selling value of the medicine at about eight times this; for this one class of medicine alone a total of nearly a million and a quarter of money, all of it spent in amateur doctoring.

It is curious, when one comes to think of it, that people should be so exceedingly ready to set about the remedy of anything amiss in the system of either themselves or those about them. If a man's kitchen clock wheezes and whirrs a little, and presently begins to betray a difficulty in getting along, he will admit at once that he does not know what is the matter with the thing and will have the clockmaker ordered in to attend to it. If his watch gets a little slow, and does not seem to be amenable to the regulator, he will not even run the risk of touching it here and there with a little sweet oil; or if his piano gets out of tune in only a note or two, he does not dream of investing three and sixpence in a tuning hammer and putting it in order himself. He does not understand the business, he will tell you, and might do more harm than good. But if his own internal mechanism begins to wheeze a little and to show symptoms of running down, if he himself feels somehow a little out of tune, it is very likely indeed that he will be quite confident that he knows all about it, and will forthwith resort to the family medicine chest or the nearest druggist. It may be argued that he probably knows more of his own interior than he does of the inside of a clock or a watch. On the other hand, he may have been studying his own constitution for thirty, forty or fifty years. Every man, it has been said, is a fool or physician at forty, and there is just enough truth in the saying to make it plausible. But then the remarkable thing is that the amateur doctor is usually just as ready to prescribe for other people's constitutions as he is for his own. Give him ever so slight a hint of your symptoms, and he will at once prescribe for you. He knows, of course, that your mechanism is ten thousand times more intricate and delicate than that of any clock or watch, and it might occur to him, one would think, that in so intricate a machine similar symptoms might possibly arise from very different causes. Nothing of the sort occurs, however. "Pains in your chest, eh? Ah, indigestion, my dear fellow. I used to have that sort of thing terribly. Try a box of Quackle's pills. The finest thing in the world for indigestion.

Full Breathing.

We have always maintained that the most important agent for the preservation of health and cure of disease is a full and constant supply of pure air for the lungs. All the plans for systematizing exercise by combining it with pleasure should be encouraged. Horseback riding, walking, bicycling, footracing and athletic sports are hardly less valuable for the increased quantity of air that they compel us to consume than from the exhilarating and healthful effects produced in our minds. In order to be of real value exercise should be regular and, if possible, in the open air, and sufficient each day for the wants of the system, but never excessive. Extremes are always dangerous. Gymnasiums have caused the breaking down of hundreds of young men. Fearing to go out in inclement weather is a vain fear. There may be a day occasionally during the winter when it might be prudent to remain indoors, but with proper attention immediately afterward no well person while exercising is likely to be the worse for a thorough drenching or wet feet.

Air is the best of all blood purifiers, and the more thoroughly the lungs do their work, the purer the blood and the less liability will there be to disease. I believe that the chief cause of pneumonia is breathing impure air and next to this over-eating. Both tend to befoul the blood. The victims of this disease are principally among "good livers," who do not take sufficient exercise in the open air. The disease seldom attacks those whose occupations require them to spend much of their time out of doors. The main object of exercise then, is to compel the breathing of as much air as is required for the elimination of effete matters from the blood, and the reward is almost certain immunity from all forms of disease.

AGRICULTURE.

BUDDING TREES.—Every person who cultivates even a small farm should learn the art of budding trees. To learn to set a bud is a work so easily accomplished that any boy 10 years old, with ordinary capacity for learning, may in fifteen minutes learn to set a bud so it will live, and any man of common intelligence can learn from cuts and descriptions given in books on fruits, with a very little practice. The mechanical labor of setting the bud does not require the practice and judgment it does to decide on the best buds to select from and at the right time to set them. A bud to be in just the right state to work well should be well matured; and yet the twig from which it is taken should not have been stopped growing long enough for the sap to have stopped flowing. Careful observation and some practice is required to decide which are the best twigs to cut for buds. To decide when the trees are just in the right state to bud is even more difficult than to decide what buds to select. If a tree has stopped growing it is difficult to make a bud live, and quite impossible if the flow of sap has stopped. If a tree grows too much after it has been budded the string cuts the tree badly and the bud is left sunk too deep in the tree. If one could know when a tree would stop growing, and bud it two or three weeks before, it would be about right. Trees to bud well, ought not to be more than from three to five-eighths of an inch in diameter; and it is best to bud them so near the ground that when the reset roots may come from the budded portion of the tree. Peach and cherry trees should be budded on the north or northwest side. The best string we have ever found is the old cotton wicking, which at the present time is difficult to buy. Most of nursery men use matting for strings, but it is hard and not so yielding as wicking. If the trees grow much an unyielding string must be retied to loosen it, but wicking will yield enough so as not to injure the tree, unless it makes a very large growth.

PLASTER.—Land plaster, or gypsum is sulphate of lime. One hundred pounds of gypsum consists of 46 pounds of sulphuric acid, 36 pounds of lime and and twenty-one pounds of water. It is ground fine and thus applied to land or crops. When it is heated to redness the water is driven off and the residue is easily reduced to a very fine powder, and is known as the plaster of Paris used by masons. The theory of the beneficial action of land plaster upon the crops has long been, and still is, a subject of dispute. That it supplies lime and sulphuric acid to plants to some extent is probably true, but it is now generally admitted we believe, that gypsum is chiefly useful by its powder of solidifying and retaining hte ammoniacal glasses of the earth and air. For wheat and corn it has not proved satisfactory, but on clover, sanfoin and leguminous plants generally its useful effects are not questioned.

Take four teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate, one pint of boiling water; let it simmer for a few minutes, then take the yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir this mixturo together and boil until thick, like boiled custard (and, by the way, cook it in the same way, by setting the dish in boiling water, so as to avoid all danger of burning). Make a crust as for lemon pie, bake it and then put it in the cooked chocolate. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a teaspoonful of pulverized sugar; put this on the top of the pie and set it in the oven to brown. Serve cold. It is not at all difficult to make and ought to be a perfect success.

THE Kansas *Farmer* thinks deep working of growing corn is not good. It tears away roots that are needed to hurry the growth of the corn, and it tends to hasten evaporation. If ground is well prepared for planting, the shallowest working which will keep the surface loose and destroy the weeds, is the best. It is a mistake to run the teeth or shovels away down where the roots ought to enjoy absolute freedom.

To mark tools cover the part to be marked with a thin coating of tallow or beeswax. Then, with a sharp instrument, write the name in the tallow, cutting clearly into it. Then fill in the letters with nitric acid, let it remain from one to ten minutes. Then dip in water and run off and you will leave the mark etched.

ALL manures deposited by nature are left on or near the surface, The whole tendency of manure is to go down into the soil rather than to rise from it. There is probably very little if any loss of nitrogen from evaporation of manure, unless it is put in piles so as to ferment. Rains and dews return to the soil as much ammonia in a year as is carried off in the atmosphere.

IF you do not bank up your celery you can plant in closer rows. Try some of it this way, and when the time for blanching comes tie up each plant closely in old newspapers. It is said the stalks will bleach under this treatment in from ten to twenty days.

WITH a good cow to begin with, fed very liberally and given the best of care, a "one-acre farmer" says he makes 500 pounds of butter per year, leaving a snug margin of profit. He admits that if she were an inferior animal he could not afford to keep her.

YOUNG turkeys are most efficient insecticides. A brood of these should be hatched out under a hen, and the crop of the hen set up in the garden. From this castle the young birds will make raids upon the bugs and beetles.

A MAN with a sharp-toothed rake or a hoe can go over four times as much land now in an hour as he can after the weeds are grown. The best time to kill weeds is before they are born.

A FRENCH authority states that carrots give horses new blood, which seems to restore them, and they may be justly claimed as the regenerator of wornout horses.

A BUSHEL of apples will make from four to four and a half pounds of evaporated fruit.

DOMESTIC.

A VERY important thing in the preserving of fruits in syrup is to have the latter of the proper strength. Sugar, we know, ferments readily, but only when dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water. When the quantity is just sufficient to render it a strong syrup it will not ferment at all. The right degree of strength for the preserving of fruits, so that there may be neither fermentation nor crystallization, may be obtained by dissolving double refined sugar in water in the proportion of two parts of sugar to one of water and boiling it a little. The degree thus obtained, which is the proper one for the preserving of fruits, is technically known as *smooth*. In preserving fruit whole it is necessary that this syrup should penetrate every portion of it; therefore, to aid this, the fruit should first be blanched before it is boiled in the syrup.

Blue Grass Breeders.

Mr. R. S. Withers of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., writes: "I have such confidence in St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, that I use it on everything: myself, my horse, my negroes. Everybody and every horse, for all kinds of aches and pains, believe in its sovereignty as a cure."

CABBAGE SALAD.—One small head of white cabbage, sliced fine with a keen knife. Chopping bruises salads of the green kinds. One-half cup of boiling milk; one tablespoonful of butter; one beaten egg; one tablespoonful of white sugar; pepper and salt to taste. Scald the milk in one saucepan, the vinegar in another. Put into the latter, when hot, the butter, sugar, pepper and salt, boil up once and stir in the shred cabbage. Cover closely and draw to the side of the stove where it will scald, but not boil. Pour the hot milk on the beaten egg. Return to the fire and stir until it begins to thicken. Turn the cabbage into a bowl, pour the hot milk-and-egg upon it and mix thoroughly with a fork. Cover the bowl while the contents are hot, and set away where it will cool suddenly. Eat cold.

Health Is Wealth.

It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

OPEN FRUIT TART.—Line a plain mould about three inches deep with short paste. Take some stoned cherries, sliced peaches, apricots, nectarines and gooseberries; stir well in a bowl with some powdered sugar; pour into the mould and bake in a quick oven. Crack the apricot stones, blanch the kernels and garnish the tart with them. If the fruit seems too dry pour a little clarified sugar over it before taking out of the oven.

Twenty-five Per Cent. Stronger than any Other Butter Color.

BURLINGTON, VT., May 3d. 1882.

I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to health; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid. A. H. SABIN.
Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

STUFFED EGGS.—This is also a good breakfast dish. Cut some hard-boiled eggs in half; take out the yolk and mash it smoothly with an equal quantity of grated ham, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and a small lump of fresh butter. Fill the cup-like whites of the eggs with this mixture, pour over them a little melted butter and heat in the oven. Serve with each half-egg placed on a neat square of bread nicely fried in butter.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

The French Minister of Education and the Fine Arts has proposed placing a large Government domain, located at Willeneuvestang, at the disposal of Mons. Pasteur, for the prosecution of his scientific investigations.

☞Diamond Dyes will Color Anything any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2 cent stamp.

A SWISS OMELETTE.—Grate 2 oz. of Parmesan cheese, melt 2 oz. of butter, and add to the cheese also ½ oz. of finely chopped parsley, 1 oz. of bread crumbs, finely grated, a quarter of a pint of new milk and four eggs well beaten; fry in the usual way, with a little butter in the pan, which must be properly heated before the mixture is poured in.

A natural oil, cleanly, one that will not become rancid, one that is penetrating, one that combines all these qualities is Carboline, the most elegant hair-dresser and restorer. Try it.

IN all recipes where stock is called for the small cans of beef essence answer every purpose. One or two teaspoonfuls of fluid beef make rich stock.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

LAMP WICKS.—If lamp wicks are soaked in vinegar before putting in a lamp it will prevent the chimney be coming blackened by the flame.

HUMOROUS.

A GENTLEMAN on East Fourth street found a ragged tramp sitting on his front steps eating his lunch.

"Here! What are you doing there?" he shouted.

"Partaking of a slight lunch. Will you join me?" the tramp politely responded.

"No, I don't want any of your villainous feed."

"That's so; it *is* pretty tough kind of fodder. I just got it out of your kitchen. Your wife must be doing her own cooking now."

"What's that, you infernal hound?" exclaimed the angry man, starting toward the tramp, still sitting quietly on the step.

"Don't get excited. Think a minute. Aren't you mistaken in calling me a hound?"

"No I'm not, and I'll——"

"But, my, dear sir, you are mistaken. I am no hound, I'm a setter."

The gentleman gazed at the tramp in admiration, and muttering something about a newspaper paragrapher gone astray, he left him to finish his lunch.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ONE of the Auburn School Committee visited the school in the Barker Mill district last week. The scholars were answering a few closing questions from the visitors. "What is the holiday to-morrow?" was asked. "Decoration day," was the reply, in a shout. "What do they have Decoration day for?" "To decorate the soldiers' graves," said several. "Why should they decorate the soldiers' graves any more than yours or mine?" There was a long silence. One little fellow finally stuck up a hand in the further corner of the room. The visitor asked him to speak. The boy said: "If you please, sir, I think it is because they are dead and we ain't."

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

A SAN FRANCISCO showman is advertising a troupe of educated flies. If he will send one on here to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher without falling in, he will gain everlasting fame.

HAY-FEVER is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A FAIR Pharisee: She—"I think it's a sin and a shame to kill the dear little feathered songsters. If I had my way, I'd make a law against killing birds. Guess people wouldn't starve if they let the birds alone." He—"But what would the ladies do without hat ornaments?" She—"Oh, that's an entirely different thing. Of course when there's an actual necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must stifle one's feelings, you know."

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Try "Wells' Health Renewer."

DID it ever occur to you why a lawyer in conducting a disputed will case is like a trapeze performer? Well, it is because he flies through the heir with the greatest of fees.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE would suppose that the coining of pennies by the government would hardly pay, as it takes ten mills to make one cent.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

"DR. MCCOSH is celebrated for egotism, and the best of it is he is never conscious of it. He has a broad Scotch accent, and the habit of gnawing at the joint of the thumb when busily thinking. Some years ago he was lecturing before the senior class in Princeton College. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere. One of the seniors inquired: "Well, Doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?" "Ah," said the doctor, holding up both hands, ye have asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Suckkrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and he failed; Kahnt attempted it and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and he begged the whole question, as I've been tellin' ye; and I confess" (gnawing at the thumb knuckle) "I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, chilblains.

Now is the time of year when the newly fledged graduate hesitates between becoming an editor right off or going as a waiter in a summer hotel.

"TICKETS, please," said the conductor, as the train pulled out of the Grand Central Station last night. "Ah, owing to my delayed appearance at the depot," said a young lady passenger, "caused by a most unfortunate chain of circumstances, quite unnecessary to particularize, I found it impossible to purchase a ticket in time to catch the train. Would it be conformable with the rules of the company, sir, if I were to tender my fare to you?" "Not—not entirely," gasped the frightened conductor "Bu—but in this case I will make it so. Your fare to Boston, madame, is $5."

A CITIZEN who applied to the Fire Marshal the other day for a building permit was refused on the ground that the fire limits prohibited the erection of such a structure. After spouting his indignation in round terms, he added:

"I wouldn't be found dead in such a city as this!"

"As for that," slowly replied the Marshal, "it won't make much difference were you die. You'll probably come within the fire limits anyhow."

"HELLO! Johnny, where ve you been all the morning?" asked one urchin of another as he appeared in the schoolroom during the afternoon session. "Been fishin'," was the rejoinder. "Ketch anything?" "Yes—a lickin'," and the second class in geography stood up.

NOT as bright as might be: They tell a good story about a kind-hearted old soul who used to have charge of a station pretty well on toward the southern terminus of the Delaware Railroad. "I've got enough of that white oil," he wrote to the superintendent, "send me some red oil for my danger signal."

No difficult job: "I hate to see a man hesitate a half hour before making up his mind," said Fishton; "it don't take me half a minute to make up my mind." "I shouldn't suppose it would take nearly so long as that, was Fogg's laconic remark.

AN exchange wants to know "how to smoke a cigar?" whereupon a long-haired Chicago editor rejoins: "Our knowledge is somewhat limited, but we should think the cigar ought to be hung up in the smoke house, and a fire built under it."

ELLA WHEELER asks in a frenzy: "Is there anything higher that a boy's ambition, than wingeth away to the sunriven skies?" Did Ella ever timidly inquire the price of the first strawberries of gentle spring.

PIAZZA SCREEN. — Screens for the piazza to partially ward off the breeze that may be too boisterous for the sitter's comfort, can be made by using a tall clothes-horse for the frame, and covering each part with matting, which can be tacked to the uppper and lower cross pieces. To make the screen more fanciful, embroider the matting in an immense cross stitch, forming a dado and frieze, with two broad stripes of work, if those terms are applicable to anything but walls. Then paint or stain the uprights in imitation of any wood that will harmonize with the surroundings, or ebonize it and put bands of gilding near the top and bottom of the poles.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—This is a nice breakfast dish for a hot summer morning. Peel a large, firm, fresh tomato and chop it up small, chopping with it a small bit of delicate white onion; put into a hot saucepan with plenty of fresh butter and pepper and salt to taste. Stir on the fire until the onion and tomato are thoroughly cooked; then pour in four well-beaten fresh eggs and stir quickly until the eggs are nearly set. Serve quickly on a hot dish surrounded with little dice of bread fried in butter.

FRUIT jellies are made by so combining the juices of fruits with sugar by boiling that the product when cold becomes a quivering, translucent mass, the consistence of which is neither that of a solid or liquid. To make a perfect jelly—we speak now of perfection in regard to its transparency and pretty appearance — clarified sugar should be used, but the best grade of refined sugar will answer every purpose of the household, and produce results quite gratifying to the eye as well as the palate.

THE efficacy of mustard plasters is not generally known. The way to make one is to mix one part of corn meal flour with two parts of mustard, and wet sufficiently to make moist. Mix well together and spread on a piece of muslin, cover with a square of lawn or swiss and hold before the fire a moment before applying. A neuralgic pain in the face or any part of the body is helped by a mustard plaster, and also toothache, rheumatism and pain in the chest or side.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
93 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* **Lost Manhood, Debility,** &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the **Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6.** *Glove-fitting.* Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and guaranteed when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying to its merits and who prescribe it regularly.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THIS REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians, Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass. **HOP PLASTER**

☞Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25 cts.

Hale's Honey OF **Horehound and Tar**

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

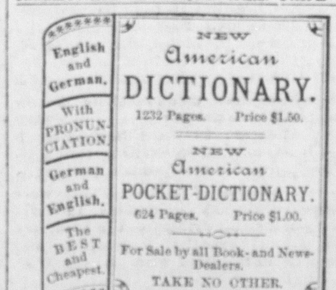
The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's,
PITTSBURG PA.

Both sides starch polished, thereby doubling their use and value. Adjusts perfectly. No rough edges to annoy. Worn and preferred by MILLIONS of all classes. DO YOU WEAR THEM? If not, why not? Dealers sell 10 for 25c. We postpay TRIAL COLLAR FREE, 12 to 18 in., or pair of Cuffs, 9 to 12 in., for 5 cents. Mention this paper

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
FACTORY: CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts



$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO

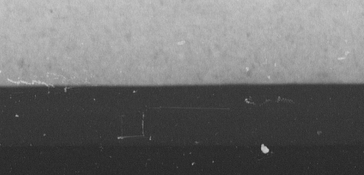
LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

AGENTS WANTED To handle the best PILLOW SHAM HOLDER in the world. Remunerative employment for ladies. One lady sold 19 doz. in one month. Put our Holder upon trial, and it sells itself. Send for Circular and Price List.
J. H. HENRY, GEN'L AGT., Syracuse, N. Y.

Elegant Prices for small collection of Empty **Durham Tobacco Bags.** Particulars free. **Thomp on ro .257 Main St., Cincinnati, O**



R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that instantly stops pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insects and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Radway's Regulating Pills

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect, Purgative, Soothing, Aperient, Act without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

DR. L. A. SAYRE, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

Patents Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C., PATENT LAWYER. Write for Inventors' Guide.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Thirty-Three Years among OUR WILD INDIANS by Gens. DODGE and SHERMAN. 70,000 sold. Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. Apply and send for Extra Terms, Specimen Plate, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest Inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using **CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!** INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE *Nervous sweats.* Insane Persons Restored. **Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER** *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Vits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying expressage on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Agents, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

AMBROSIA MILK is the best LAXATIVE. Price 50 cents

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of **BLAINE AND LOGAN** by Col. Ingersoll, W. Knox, Orpheus all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. 500 pages $1.50. Sells like wildfire. 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free*. Freight paid. Send for Extra Terms, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., August 6, '84.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU. MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

"SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We are offering our Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers below cost.

Muslins with us have been a specialty. Our great bargain just now is a medium weight, 36 inches wide, unbleached muslin, at 7 cents. You usually pay far more for muslin of such quality.

The general expression is that it is a "BANG-UP." Good muslin for the money and can't be beat; it is one of our exclusive muslins—a little article at a big bargain. Handkerchiefs we mean. We can surprise you.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Aug., 1884.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Farmers are plowing.

——Oats and barley crop is good.

——Democratic delegate elections next Saturday afternoon, 9.

——One of the leading questions of the day, "Will you vote for me?"

——Centre Hall has better stores for its size than any town in the county.

——G. W. Harter's Millheim grocery is building up a fine trade in that busy town.

——H. H. Tomlinson, late merchant at Millheim, we are informed, intends striking for the far west.

——Coburn is still having more new houses. Among others that of H. Gingerich, formerly of Centre Hall.

——Mr. Henry Frankenberger, one of the old inhabitants of Penn twp, died on Tuesday of last week.

——Get three names and send us $1 and we will send the REPORTER to each for the campaign.

—Gen. Beaver and his three sons went to the Gettysburg encampment by carriage from Bellefonte.

——Trout fishing season ended with July. In one month we can shoulder our gun and go squirrel hunting.

— The Ladies' Ref. Mite Society, of Aaronsburg, netted some $75 from their festival and the lecture of Gen. Fisher.

——It is soon time for a Cleveland and Hendricks club to be organized at this place. Let something be done in this direction.

——August term of court will be held one week only, beginning fourth Monday (26th) in August.

——Last week's rain ensures a pretty fair corn crop in our county, though not as full as if the rain had come a week sooner.

——Several life insurance agents stopped in this place last week and showed our citizens "the advantages of having their lives insured."

——The dead body buried in a box found a few weeks ago in the mountains south of Millheim, was that of a dog, as the "Journal" has it.

——We heard a farmer say the other day, he wished he had some way of driving away book agents, sewing machine agents, candidates and tramps.

——John M. Stover, of Haines township, called upon the "Reporter." He reports crops immense in the Pine Creek section, but a scarcity of apples.

——John I. Potter has been appointed passenger and first class freight agent at Bellefonte, on Bald Eagle Valley railroad, vice W. W. Potter, deceased.

——The G. A. R. encampment to be held at Bellefonte beginning on 16th, promises to be a grand affair. Preparations are being made to accommodate a large number of people.

— Early watermelons have made their appearance; they are liable to produce the same effect as green apples upon the small boy. Cholera morbus, in its crude form, should be avoided.

——Mr. Lewis Mensh, on Wm. Harter's farm, near Aaronsburg, threshed the grain from one of the poorest fields, and had a yield of about 25 bushels to the acre. What will the best yield?

——Prof. Joe. H. Feehrer, the popular band instructor, is at present engaged in trimming up the Pleasant Gap band, which will hold a soiree on Sturday, 9, in Miller's grove, at that place.

——We have been informed that Rev. S. M. Roeder, Reformed pastor of this place, has resigned from pastoral duties in this charge and accepted a call from Reformed church at Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, Pa.

——On Saturday afternoon, last, as Mr. Abe Miller, of Pleasant Gap, was driving to Bellefonte, with two horses and a spring wagon, the pole dropped from the yoke, causing the horses to run off. Mr. Miller was thrown from the wagon and had one of his shoulders broken and sustained other serious injuries.

— The Middleburg *Post*: The encampment of the Grand Army at Bellefonte, to begin August 16 and continue to the 21, promises great results. "Camp Lee," a confederate organization from Virginia, are expected to be present. The members of the Middleburg and Mifflinburg Posts, expect to attend and for that purpose have employed Stetler's cornet band of this place to accompany them. They purpose going to Centre Hall by rail and from thence take it foot-back across Nittany mountain to Bellefonte. Not less than five thousand soldiers are expected.

——Harvest is over and crops were abundant which will make money plenty, and then there will be an increased rush to the Philad. Branch for ready-made clothing, because it is the cheapest place in the state to buy suits for men and boys. Lewins & Co. never let a purchaser go off without his being satisfied that he has made a bargain and received the full value of his money.

——Bellefonte, from the reading matter of its papers, seems to have a severe attack of base-ball fever, a disease affecting nearly every youth in the land.

——Messrs. Witmer & Lincoln have taken possession of Smith's grain ware house at Coburn, and will be pleased to see farmers who have grain to sell or who wish to purchase coal, salt, fertilizer, etc. They are a reliable firm. Read adv't in another column.

— The shrill whistle of steam threshers can be heard throughout the valley, which reminds us that our farmers are adopting new and improved machinery to prepare their crops for the market.

——The encampment at Bellefonte will oblige the Philad. Branch to get a new stock of ready-made clothing, as every stranger will purchase a suit before leaving the town, knowing that he can save much thereby and thus make up for the expenses of the trip. No shoddy will be kept, and prices will be reduced to accommodate the hundreds of new customers.

——The delegate election for the Northern precinct of Potter will be held at Centre Hall, and for the Southern precinct at Potters Mills. We make this announcement because some are under a wrong impression.

——Mingle's boot and Shoe store in the Brockerhoff block, continues to take the lead for first class goods and low prices. No trash offered and all goods warranted genuine.

——Every Democrat in the county should read the REPORTER during the campaign. Send three names and $1 and you get it. Six names and $2 and one copy free for the person sending the names. This is the lowest offer out.

——For a cheap tombstone go to Stover's Bellefonte Marble Works. Monuments of all styles and prices, elegant in finish and at prices lower than elsewhere. Consult with the party before ordering elsewhere.

——Where two candidates are to be chosen, for Commissioner or Assembly, the proper way to vote at the primary election is, for one on each side the county. By voting for two from the same side, the one neutralizes the other. Voters, on Saturday should bear this in mind.

— The general store at Scotia was destroyed by fire on 16th. The fire occurred at about 11 o'clock, and the entire stock and building was consumed. The fire originated through the bursting of a coal oil lamp. The loss was about $4000, on which there was an insurance of $4000.

——Advertise in the REPORTER if you would prosper in business—every body reads it.

——Democrats should not forget the importance of the delegate election next Saturday afternoon. That is the proper time to attend if you wish to make your voice felt in the nomination of good men. Attend the primary elections and vote for good and competent men, and you mould the character of the Democratic county ticket.

——The REPORTER'S postage account is now larger than ever before—showing a steady increase in circulation, altho' we have cut off the names of dead-heads and non-payers.

——Linden Hall now has the locomotive screaming right "in town" to the delight of its good citizens. We are right glad to find Mr. D. Hess have one of his fond wishes realized, for which he also lent valuable aid. Dan can now come to Centre Hall in ten minutes, and that's a big thing towards what it "used to was."

——Mr Daniel Bower, of Akron, O., called to see the editor a few days ago. Dan is a native of Haines township, and is accompanied by Mrs. Bower and a young friend, named Zeigler. We had a pleasant chat over our boyhood days and tricks "down the valley."

——When you want an elegant shoe go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block. First-class goods and low prices are his motto, and you can return goods that do not turn out as represented and have your money refunded.

——Now that electioneering is over and candidates are at rest all will turn their attention to the Philad. Branch which has opened an exciting campaign in low prices for ready-made clothing.

——A number of railroad hands were compelled to work last Sunday, in order to repair a small bridge on the road, one mile west of here, that had settled and was unfit to run over with the construction train.

——We hear that Henry Keller, of near this place, has invented a grain reel that can be regulated to raise fallen grain, and can be attached to any machine. Mr. Keller was the iuventor of a similar contrivance some years ago.

——We are sorry to hear that Dr. G. W. Kline, of Potters Mills, is lying in a very critical condition from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

——We notice Dr. Runkle, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends in the valley.

——The meeting of Shannon Post, on Saturday evening, was attended by a number of members from neighboring posts.

——The school opened at this place by Prof. Heniz, of Rock Springs, was closed the other day, on account of small attendance.

——We noticed the graceful form of John Bolinger, of Snow Shoe, formerly Wolf's obliging clerk, on our streets the past few days.

——Rev. Fischer and family, on Tuesday, left to spend a few weeks among friends in Somerset county.

——Blackberries seem to be quite plenty in the mountains, as we noticed a large party board the train at Paddy Mt. tunnel, with baskets and buckets well filled.

——Rev. Tomlinson, of Aaronsburg Lutheran charge, has accepted a call from a charge near Gettysburg.

——A boy from Lock Haven, we are told, in jumping from a wagon, at Rebersburg, last Friday, ruptured a blood-vessel, which caused almost instant death.

——The lecture of Gen. Fisher, at Aaronsburg, brought the Ref. congregation some $60.

——In the list of apportionment of delegates, (on inside page,) to the Democratic County Convention, the Eastern Precinct of Haines township has one delegate, which is a mistake, as it is entitled to two delegates.

——Mr. Abs Confer, of Aaronsburg, had one of his feet severely bruised by a heavy piece of timber falling on it last Monday.

——Mrs. Witmer, of this place, has been very ill during the last week.

2000 yards of best calicoes; all styles—Garmans.

Macrama in all shades—Garmans.

LOWER END ITEMS.

Farmers are busy plowing and making ready to sow their grain. The corn looks well in this part of the valley, and farmers are expecting a good crop of it.

We are glad to know that the select school at Aaronsburg, under, Prof. B. F. Musser, has proven a perfect success; we hope it will continue such.

The farm of John Orndorf, dec'd, was sold on 2d instant to Samuel Kreamer for $104 85 per acre. Also a tract of timber land belonging to the farm was sold on same day to Cornelius Bower for $31 per acre.

Our old and well-known friend, Jacob Dutweiler, who left with family for Kansas, last spring, has returned again; he speaks well of that country, but thinks it is no place for him.

The candidates are busy visiting farmers in this section. X.

A THRILLING ACCIDENT.

Washington, August 3.—The United States hotel, situated on Pennsylvania avenue a short distance west of the capitol, fell without warning this evening and buried in the ruins a number of people variously estimated at from seven to thirty.

There were about forty-five persons in the hotel at the time of the disaster, including guests and employes, and it was impossible at first to ascertain how many were buried in the mass of ruins. Cries and groans could be heard from the ruins, showing that all who were there imprisoned were not dead. A large force of men at once went to work.

August 4.—The dead body of Addie Fletcher (colored), head chambermaid, was recovered from the ruins. Also the body of Henry Hall near the site of the dining room.

A WOMAN HANGS HERSELF.

Norristown, August 4.—Mrs. Ephriam Scheffey, of Schwenksville, after rising and preparing breakfast this morning, ascended to the attic, the room in which her husband was asleep, and committed suicide by hanging herself to a rafter. She attempted suicide by poison just previous to her marriage. She was 46 years old, and leaves several children.

A BRITISH BRIG SUNK.

London, August 4.—A collision at sea occurred between the British brigs Bell Star, bound from Bear river, N. S., for Queenstown, and Richard Owen, from Cardiff for St. Johns, N. F. The latter was sunk and four of her crew were drowned. The rest of the crew are at Queenstown.

SOLID COMFORT.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by everyone who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of malaria, rheumatism, biliousness, jaundice or any affection of the liver, kidney or bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the liver and bowels. It removes the cause of the diseases and fortifies the system against new attacks.

A BIG FIRE IN ASIA.

London, July 28.—A disastrous fire occurred to-day at Marash, Asia Minor. A thousand shops, two hundred houses, four hotels, three mosques and the municipal palace were destroyed.

The liver is the largest gland in the human organism and stands guard, as it were, at the portals of health. Properly performing its functions it eliminates all impurities and disease germs from the blood; failing in this misery and disease follow. An occasional dose of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills will insure regular, healthy and vigorous action of this great gland, and save doctors' bills and days of misery. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
6a2 Philadelphia Agents.

TESTIMONIALS.

many times are cut from the whole cloth, and for every one voluntarily given in praise of a meritorious article an unscrupulous and dishonest manufacturer can write up a dozen for his worthless products; but the following card from the traveler of Sower, Potts & Co., a publishing house known in almost every state in the Union, is so emphatic and to the point that we cannot refrain from giving it in evidence:

"Georgetown, Pa.

J. A. McDonald—Dear Sir: Please forward by express at once one bottle Curtis Carmelite Cordial to C. F. Camp, Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pa. It cured me so quickly and completely last summer that I recommend it highly to my friends."

Single bottle guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, summer complaint, cramps, or any intestinal irritation whatever, or money refunded in every instance. Should have a place in every household and every traveler's satchel. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
23j2 Philadelphia Agents.

☞Pretty as a Picture.—Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes for silk, wool, cotton, &c., 10c each. A child can use with perfect success. Get a once at your druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Each purchaser of a dress is presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte. 2j4t

Some remarkable cures of deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Never fails to cure earache.

The Prohibition party is too pure to have a mere man as its candidate for President. It requires a Saint.—Chicago Sun.

It begins to dawn upon the scoffers at the independents that there is going to be consideable of a shower.—Boston Herald.

It is supposed from the character of his party that Mr. St. John's campaign will be in the nature of a "still" hunt.—Chicago Times.

It is quite evident that nobody who values an easy mind wants to stir up Ben Butler at the present crisis.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The fear of death from cholera, with no time for repentance, may keep a great many people from voting for Blaine.—Chicago Times.

Mrs. Harriet McCabe, of Huntingdon, one of the heirs to an estate in Prussia valued at $500,000, died on 29 ult., in the 75th year of her age.

The work that the Republicans promise the laboring men appears to be work to elect the ticket. It is the hardest kind of work.—Chicago Times.

The inimitable Mr. Dana now performs as Titania in the act of caressing Bottom Butler; but then 'tis only a midsummer night's dream.—Philad. Times.

"Will Butler run?" ask several exchanges. It is not necessary for him to run. He will get there just as soon by walking.—Norristown Herald.

When a funnel-shaped cloud appears in the northeast, strike for the cellar at once. Butler is about ready to let loose his promised "cyclone."—Cincinnati Star-Times.

President Arthur has gone fishing and Secretary Chandler is making up with Blaine. The rest of the Government is hardly worth keeping track of.—Philad. Times.

It is amazing with what alacrity Republican steers are jumping over into the Democratic pasture field, where the grass is tall and promises to be taller.—Raleigh, (N. C.,) News and Observer.

Juniata Herald: A land turtle has been discovered on land of Jacob Brugger, in the vicinity of Oriental, bearing the name and date, "Amos Frantz, 1824." In 1824 Mr. Frantz owned the Brugger tract.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa.: Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney trouble.

A colored gambling den was broken up in Bellefonte the other week. Six men of color and one white man were arrested.

Bellefonte *News*: A barn owned by James Kerstetter and located at Pleasant Gap was burned the other week, the conflagration startling a somewhat peculiar manner. A female member of Mr. K's household took some sulphur in a vessel to the barn to smoke out chicken lice. While the sulphur was burning the bottom of the vessel fell out, the fire igniting the barn with the above result.

FOUR GIRLS KILLED.

Beatrice, Neb, July 30.—A severe storm visited this region before daylight this morning. Lightning struck the farm house of Nathan Miller, near Maryville, Kansas, killing his four daughters, aged 17, 13, 9 and 7 respectively, while asleep.

A HOTEL BURNED DOWN.

Hudson, N. Y., August 3.—The Osborne house at Athens was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock this morning. Loss, $8,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

A VILLAGE HALF DESTROYED.

Binhampton, N. Y., August 3.—Afton, a thriving village 28 miles from this city on the Albany road, was half destroyed by fire this morning. The conflagration started shortly after midnight and raged for four hours and a half. The loss aggregated $75,000.

NOTICE.—All persons who have subscribed to the Potter township railroad right of-way guarantee fund are requested to pay 50 per cent. of their subscription to Wm. Wolf & Son, Centre Hall, between this date and 20th instant.

By order of
August 6, 1884. BOND SIGNERS.

The National Guard of Penn'a went into camp at Gettysburg on Saturday, 2, and will spend a week in drill and inspection.

The election in Alabama, on 4, was of course a walk-over for the Democrats.

WITHDRAWS.

We have been authorized by Hon. Henry Meyer to withdraw his name as a candidate for Assembly. His name consequently has been dropped from the list of candidates published in REPORTER.

The following persons have been named to hold the delegate elections on August 9, 1884, for this side:

Millheim Borough—J. C. Smith, Chairman, J. H. B. Hartman, D. L. Zerby.

Ferguson, E P—Peter Lauck, Chairman, George Eckle, John F. McCormick.

Ferguson, W P—L. W. Walker, Chairman, D. H. Custenborder, Samuel Wilson.

Gregg, S P—M. L. Rishel, Chairman, Wm. Pealer, George B. Crawford.

Gregg, N P—John Rossman, Chairman, Israel Vonada, Benjamin Stover.

Haines, E P—M. S. Feidler, Chairman, Henry Rinehart, J. J. Orndorf.

Haines, W P—George Bower, Chairman, William L. Bright, J. H. Wile.

Harris—J. P. Weber, Chairman, Fergus Potter, Frank Kennedy.

Miles—Peter S. Bierly, Chairman, Jacob B. Hazel, Reuben Stover.

Penn—A. J. Cambell, Chairman, R. A. Alexander, W. F. Smith.

Potter, N P—Dr. J. F. Alexander, Chairman, F. A. Foreman, Wm. R. Camp.

Potter, S P—Joseph Gilliland, Chairman, W. A. Kerr, G. L. Goodhart.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a very desirable home for sale, on the old Lewistown road, two miles west of Centre Hall. There are 36 acres of land, with good buildings, choice fruit, and excellent water. Terms reasonable.

WM. HORNER,
6aug6t Centre Hall, Pa.

Valentines Store Co., Lim., is presenting every purchaser of a dress with a universal paper pattern—51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade. 2j4t

WHEAT! WHEAT!—Persons wanting clean seed wheat—Longberry—should send their orders in on or before August 20; price, 10 cents above market price.

23jul3t I. J. GRENOBLE.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00. 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package. We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

AT A MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE BAR of Centre County the following order was made:

And now, July 25, 1884, the members of the Bar having continued the entire civil list of causes for the second week of August Term, it is ordered that the second week of said term be dispensed with, and that there be holden but one week of the several courts of, in and for the county of Centre at August term next, and it is further ordered that the Prothonotary publish this order in the several county papers, and that the Sheriff of Centre county will summon no more jurors for said second week, and that he notify them already summoned not to appear. ADAM HOY, P. J.

Certified from the Record this 25th day of July, A. D., 1884. J. C. HARPER.
[SEAL.] Prothonotary.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton, Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Matters, Gregg, S J Herring, H P Heckman, Usher, H Potts, O Underwood, Penn, Daniel Kerlin, Ferguson, J N Campbell, Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter, Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler, Burnside, Wm. Craft, College, W H Tibbens, Benner, Geo. Kline, Harris, H Weber, Bellefonte, J J Glewine, Taylor, H Davis, Worth, A Sterner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J V Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon, Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckly, Benner, S A Marshall, C Dale, jr., W B Eckly, Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, E Bible, Penn, Joseph Kleckner, Millheim, G W Stover, Ferguson, Wm. Maffat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider, Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N P Weaver, Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes, Halfmoon, G Loner, Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer, Rush, J T Everly, Walker, W Hruble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick, Burnside, C Veidefer, Howard, Wm. Eckly, Philipsburg, R E Munson, S L Boyer, H O Hoffer, Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo Emerick, M Derstine, Milesburg, G W Campbell, Haines, Fr. Limbert.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 4, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	55	—63
Wheat	"	82½	—93
Oats	"	27¾	—36½
Pork	"	24.00	
Lard	"	7.47½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Sr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 85
White & Mixed	85
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, one mile west of Potters Mills, on Saturday, August, 9 at 9 a. m., the real estate of Thomas T. Stiver, dec'd, consisting of (1) a tract of highly improved farm-land, with all necessary farm buildings, orchard, good water, etc., thereon, containing 51 ACRES, more or less; and (2) a tract of timber land in the vicinity, containing 51 ACRES, more or less. For further information apply to P. O. Stiver Potters Mills, or on the premises.

MARY F. STIVER,
SAMUEL L. STIVER,
16j2t WILLIAM B. STIVER, Executors.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,
6aug3m Nunda, New York.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,
6aug10t 883 Arch St., Philad'a.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLAND'S CLIMAX—

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug 7,

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold. DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. MCCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 2d Dis. Iowa.*

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, August 9, '84, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream, and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc. Sale at 1 o clock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ¼ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 441, August Term, 1883.—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtel was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 30°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 58°, west 86 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Srohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Cleveland** By Chauncy F. Black, Lieutenant Governor of Penn'a. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Democratic party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; revenue reform; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Hendricks.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest, and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once.

THAYER, MERRIAM & CO.,
6aug10t 883 Arch St., Philadelphia.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Clothe and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

WM. WOLF & SON.

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——1884. AGENTS WANTED. 1884.——

For the only genuine PICTORIAL Biographies of the Democratic Candidates for President and Vice-President. Authentic and exhaustive in fact, profuse and artistic in illustration, conscientious, forcible and brilliant in authorship. The Standard Campaign History. Authorized. Rich in matter but low in Price—$2. The agents' harvest. Send 50 cents for outfit and our special, practical instructions in the best methods of selling it. Success and large profits ensured. Act at once. The campaign will be short, but brilliant and profitable to Agents. Address,

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30jul3t St. Louis, Mo., or New York City.

COURT PROCLAMATION,

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas R. Smith and the Hon. J. C. Larimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept bearing date 1st day of Aug., 1884, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug next, being the 25th day of August, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug, in the year of our Lord, 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff